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Vol. CXXIX. No. 1690 JUNE 11, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

SUMMER SEASON NUMBER

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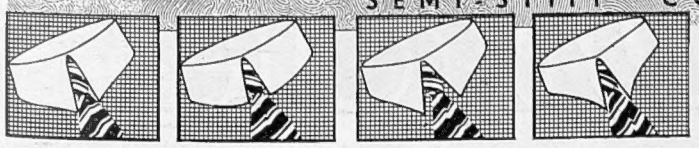

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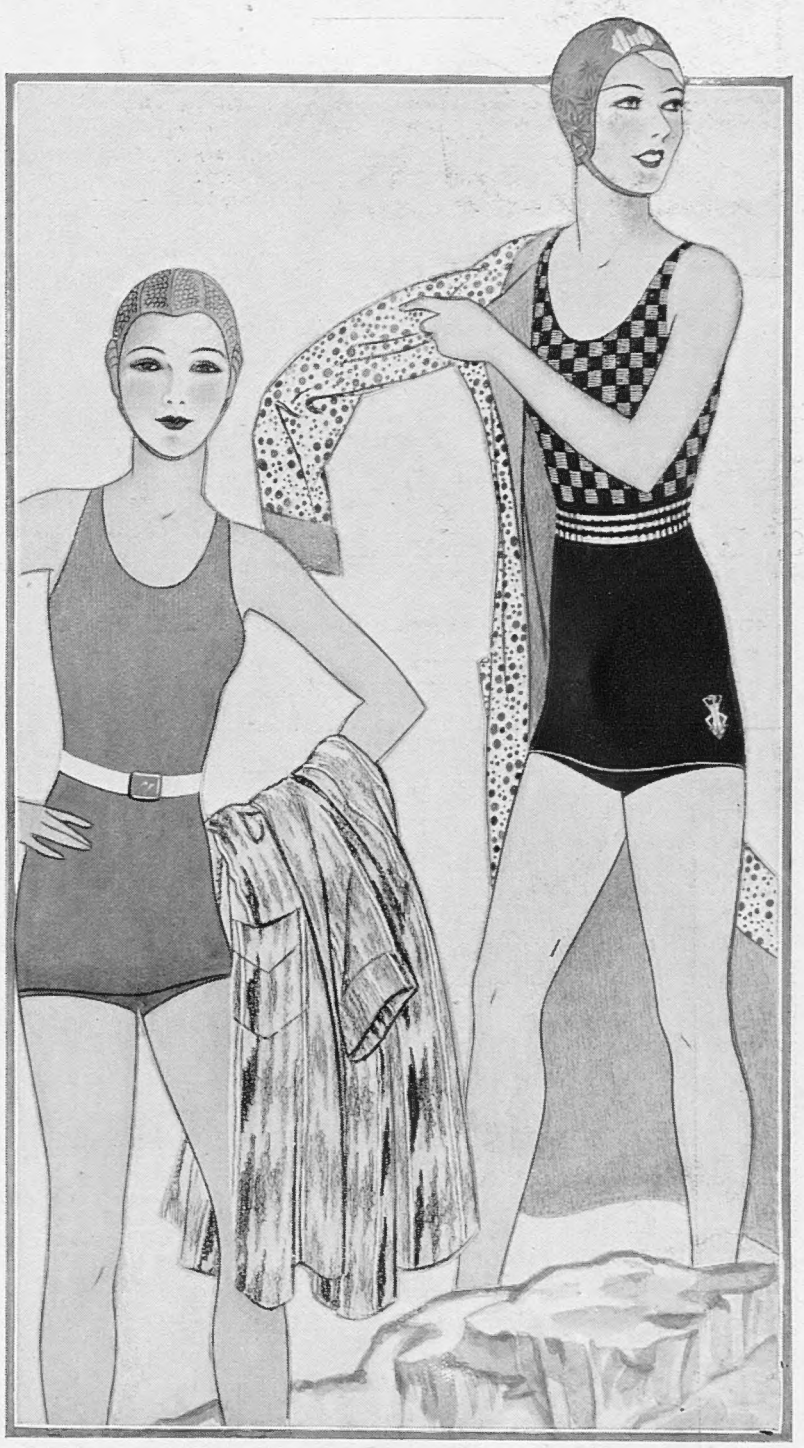

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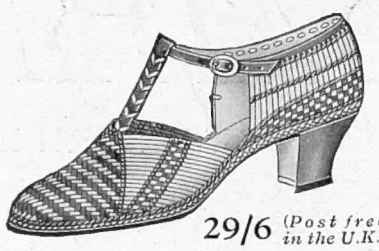

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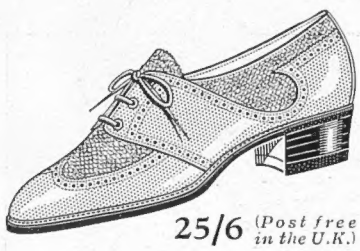

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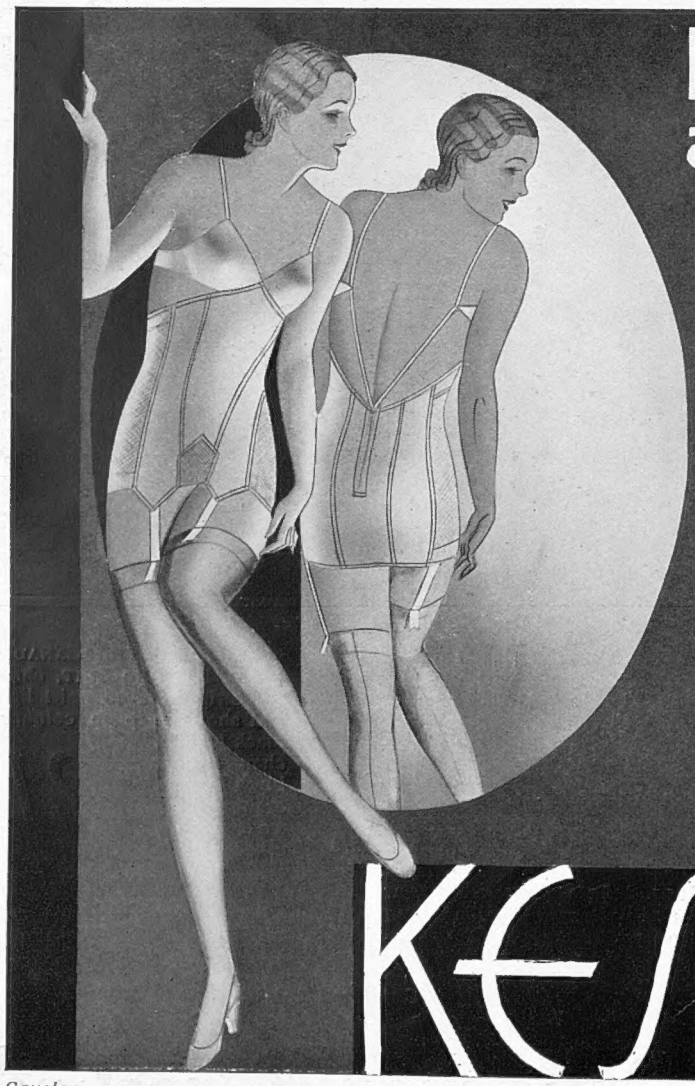

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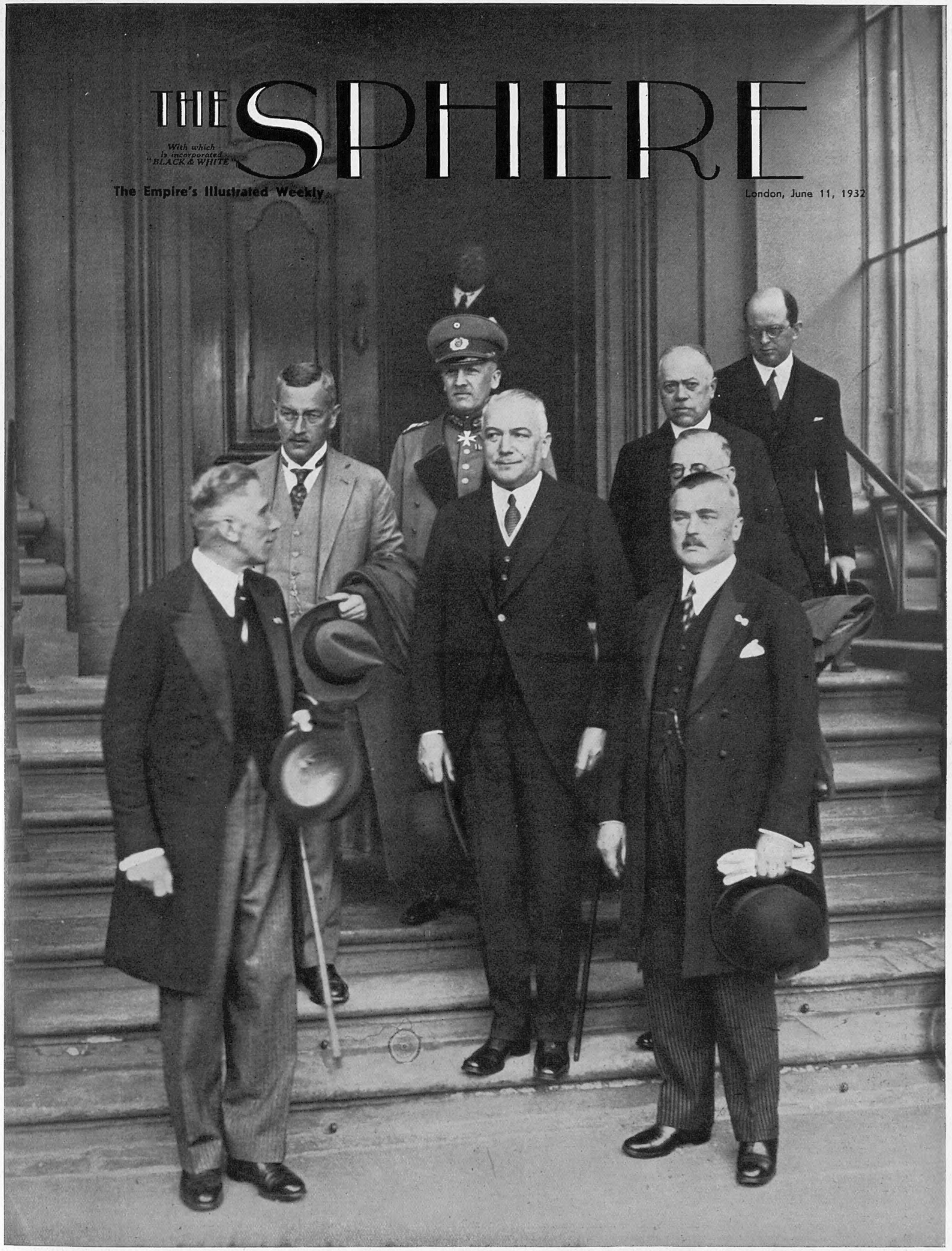
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 11, 1932



THE NEW GERMANY

The Cabinet of Aristocrats whose Function May Well Be the Resurrection of Imperial Germany

The new German Cabinet, consisting of reactionary Junkers who can maintain psychological contact with the militarism of a Hindenburg on the one hand and the nationalism of a now dominant Hitler on the other, is generally regarded as the instrument whereby a monarchy—of possibly Constitutional type—may be restored to Germany with the ex-Crown Prince (who retains his old appeal, being dissociated in the popular mind from the ex-Kaiser's flight) stepping into the Presidential shoes whence he will leap to the throne. The baronial body is seen above outside the Presidential Palace after being sworn in. On left is the Chancellor, Herr von Papen, who created an international crisis in America during the War; others in the Cabinet are: Dr. Gürtner, Minister of Justice; General Schleicher (Army); Baron von Neurath (ex-Ambassador in London, Foreign Affairs); Professor Warmbold (Economy), Baron von Gayl, Baron von Braun (Agriculture), and Herr Planck (Secretary of State)

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A London New

THE REWARD OF MERIT: The Prince of Wales presents to Sub-Inspector Sidney Orme, of "B" Division, the Cup for their victory in the Inter-Division Drill Competition at the parade of the Metropolitan Special Constabulary Reserve. The Prince had a typically strenuous day last Saturday—the Trooping of the Colour in the morning in full uniform and this function in Hyde Park—which he attended in morning coat and double collar (a combination, hitherto unorthodox, which H.R.H. has popularized) in the afternoon

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 8, 1932.

ONCE A YEAR.—Occasionally, inevitably, we must have carnival and holiday. We put off sackcloth. We forget, because we must. If you do not read between the headlines, you doubtless imagine that the London Season is a long revel of privileged gaiety and brilliance (as it was in the nineteen hundreds) all May, June, and July. It isn't. But June remains, and in June the whole nation shares in the fun of our annual carnival of colour and brilliance. The age of privilege is dead. There is nothing aristocratic about the great features of our June carnival, there is a great deal that is outwardly "junker" or military, there is much that has to do with the horse and its pecuniary possibilities. A few of the strict may shake their heads, the multitude of dukes and dustmen are out to enjoy the fun. And the chief items in the bill are: Derby Day, the Trooping of the Colour, the Fourth of June at Eton, Richmond and Olympia, the Open Golf Championship, Ascot, Wimbledon. Each is the best of its kind which the world can produce. Against which of these do you level the finger on the charge of privilege? I came to the conclusion on Saturday that Eton is about as democratic an institution to-day as exists in this realm; as democratic and, I think, as free from snobbery. Against Ascot? Who *won't* you find promenading in the sacred enclosure? And as for military pageants, they are as dear to the trades union agitator as to the Mayfair nursemaid. June is the London Season and the London Season is the People's Carnival. And it *is* a carnival, a non-stop affair, with constant first-rate side-shows to gape at and constant results being chalked up, set up in type, and announced through loud speakers. It is June, and we forget. On with the motley!

BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—The new Barons, rewarded for their public services, will doubtless add strength, experience, and dignity to the Second Chamber, and may live to see it reformed. I find more interesting the rewards allotted to Literature. In the centenary year of Sir Walter Scott, his baronetcy, which lapsed with the death of his son, is revived in the person of his great-great-grandson. General Maxwell Scott is something more than a descendant of a famous man, benefiting by the incidence of a famous centenary and its attendant publicity. (Otherwise, logically, in this centenary year of Reform, Lord Grey and Lord Russell [Bertrand] should, willy nilly, receive dukedoms.) General Scott has had a fine military career. There are now two baronets of the name Walter Scott. The new creation can resume the designation "of Abbotsford." How pleased Sir Walter would be! He was a keen soldier himself. Another interesting honour has a connection with the Waverley novels. Colonel John Murray (fifth of the line of the famous house) receives the K.C.V.O., as his father before him. In 50, Albemarle Street, Scott and Byron had their famous meeting. Colonel Murray's honour coincides with the publication by his firm of the last volume of Queen Victoria's letters. His famous House has resisted the tide and splendidly preserves the great traditions and the dignity of a noble profession. That discreet honour, C.H., is awarded to poetry in the person of Laurence Binyon, whose war poem "For the Fallen" has long since achieved immortality, and to E. V. Lucas for tapping an inexhaustible gusher in the hidden springs of light literature. And finally, Mr. Evan Charteris (son of the famous "Brigadier," Lord Wemyss), who wrote that remorselessly critical and amusing life of Edmund Gosse and several books on the '45, receives the accolade.

A WEEK OF INCIDENT.—Derby week is a memory—pleasant to the few. By a dispensation of Providence the "Newsletter" was "locked up" before the race was run, and I had therefore no chance to join in the chorus of congratulation to Tom Walls. It used to be said that Tom Walls broke about square over his racing and theatrical ventures. What he lost on the swings of racing he made up on the knockabouts of the Aldwych. He was just about to chuck his stables, realizing perhaps that a run of theatrical successes cannot last for ever. To-day he wears the blue ribbon of the Turf, a distinction for which kings and premiers have sighed in vain, and held other ribbons cheap. He was born, or rather christened lucky, with thirteen letters to his name, and of course christened his horse to conform. There is no legacy like wise parents. So much for the great event. There were minor happenings, naturally thrown into the shade by the spot-light centring on the big drum of Dublin. There was a move, labelled in advance (as usual) vitally important, to promote yet another international conference on the stabilization of world commodity prices. America has graciously consented to attend it, and it might cause the postponement of the Lausanne Reparations Conference, whose prospects of success at the present time have faded out.

. . . .

In Germany President Hindenburg astounded the world's Press by the choice of Herr von Papen as Chancellor, and smoothed his rugged path by dissolving the Reichstag before it could give a verdict on the "Monocle Ministry." Von Papen is apparently assured of a three months' reign, with General von Schleicher at his elbow. Schleicher is at present Germany's man of destiny, and will be the Cabinet's liaison officer between the President on one side and Hitler on the other. The choice of Papen is not likely to encourage America to enlarge her benevolent interest in the troubles of Central Europe. Meanwhile, galvanized into activity by the sudden energy of Mr. Hoover, she took steps to balance her budget. At home, there were one or two encouraging features. By a narrow margin the Miners' Federation Conference averted a crisis in the coalmining industry. The leaders exerted their influence for negotiation by constitutional methods and against direct action, thus revealing a dawning realization of the critical condition of the industry on which all the hopes of their federation depend. Waterloo Bridge, which has been lost and saved several times, was, by a substantial vote of the æsthetic M.P.s, "saved" again so far as Parliament can avert its destruction. But there seems to be nothing to prevent the L.C.C. gutting the bridge out of the ratepayers' pockets. And the whole business is degenerating into a bad farce, and popular sympathy swings round to the L.C.C., whose committees are not composed of natural-born vandals, and who have time to see further into the future of London's transport and traffic problem than does the House of Commons.

GLEANINGS FROM CONVOCATION.—If a dozen years as a journalist have taught me one thing, it is this: if you ask for a quiet life, forbear to enter the lists of religious controversy. You may indulge in fair criticism of the opinions and work of politicians, authors, actors, and architects, and you need fear no bitter counter attack; but if you embrace or mildly criticize any subject of religious controversy you will get it in the neck from fanatical protagonists at one or other end. Your religious fanatic, be he Protestant or Roman Catholic, Anglo-Catholic or Methodist, is remorseless, relentless, juggernaut. I was extraordinarily interested in the Bishop of Exeter's strong denunciation of the permanent vows of monastic orders. Courageous, as all his family, the Bishop appeared to be making a belated attack on the evils to which the religious orders of the Middle Ages degenerated and from which the Reformation is alleged to have saved us. For more than one reason this anachronism particularly interested me, arising as it did out of the question of the relation of bishops and religious communities in this country. Was Luther more severe or more outspoken? I wish I dared comment on what will provide copy for the religious Press for weeks to come. But I seek peace and shall ensue it. There is no mercy shown by one Christian to another who differs from him on a point of dogma.

. . . .

The Primate, in his reference to the Stiffkey case, expressed no surprise that he had been inundated with protests from the public against that public "washing of dirty lawn." He is at the moment as helpless as the rest of us to avert or lessen the inestimable harm that a case of this sort must do to the Church. The merits of this or any such case have nothing whatever to do with it. The pond is stirred up and the water is fouled in a wide radius. Mud is thrown and some of it sticks to neat and well-brushed cloth. For the sake of justice, trials in this country are public. The law of the land prevents the publication of obscene or indecent matter. The length of the reports of such cases depends on the public appetite. The suggestiveness of the evidence reported may vary according to the policy and ideals of different newspapers. There is none that has not found it necessary royally to notice this lamentable case. Mercifully the necessity for trials of this nature is rare, and as the Primate says, public memory is short. We are sure of an obliterating sensation every morning. A new sensation has punctually arrived.

A TRIBUTE TO OTTAWA.—It shall fall to my lot—since my betters are so curiously neglectful—to say the much needed word of sympathy, gratitude, and encouragement to the Empire's hosts at the coming Imperial Jamboree at Ottawa. The Canadian Government reads in our Press any number of reports of criticism and anxiety concerning the slow progress of the arrangements for this vital Conference. It bears all too little of the Mother Country's understanding of, and sympathy for, the immense difficulties which our domestic troubles throw on the shoulders of the Canadian Government. The Government at Ottawa is becoming constantly involved in one crisis after another in public affairs, and Ministers at Ottawa are working all day and half the night in an endeavour to cope with the flood of official documents and conversations from Downing Street. To take one single instance—the constitutional crisis created by Mr. de Valera's Government. To the man in the street, this might well appear to be a side issue in the great Imperial Conference. But any one conversant with the broad basis of Canadian politics, and appreciating Canada's delicate position as host to the Conference, must realize that de Valera has produced a most awkward dilemma, and created a situation of extreme delicacy and of danger to the ideal of Imperial Unity. Let us offer to the Canadian Government a message of sympathy and of gratitude for the resolute manner in which she is preparing the venue for the Conference on which so many of the Empire's hopes depend.

NEW LIGHT ON THE BITTERN.—Lord William Percy, who is a well-known expert on certain types of birds and their habits, has recently made some discoveries about the bittern which will throw new and astonishingly interesting light on its nature, habits, and characteristics. No valuable new discoveries about birds are ever now made except by men who are able and willing to submit to the severest

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WHERE THE PIPES SKIRLED AND THE DRUMS BEAT

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL was held this year at the Grosvenor House Ice Rink. This is one of the most picturesque and colourful annual gatherings of the London Season and is the only one where the Dowagers sit in state to watch the revels

A SIXTEENSOME REEL is an outstanding feature of the Royal Caledonian Ball. It will be noticed that not only are the men in full-dress Highland costume—kilt and velvet jacket—or in uniform, but the women embellish their evening frocks with a plaid. The Caledonian Ball is invariably packed—and not only with Scottish patrons

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY: Miss Evelyn Laye (left) banging a big drum to attract attention to her booth, and Walter Melville as the showman at the "Grand Giggle"—one of the most amusing sideshows at the Royal Botanical Gardens

LADIES' DAY: A striking fashion glimpsed in the paddock on the Friday of Derby week—when the Oaks was run

THE HOR BIG BU

This Year the Appeal of pia is Wider and Deeper at Long Last the British ing that Without Public Sup Assuredly

By W. HOLT.

EVOLUTIONS AT SAUMUR: The crowded arena and the presence of the President of the Republic demonstrate the support given in France to the equestrian evolutions at the famous cavalry school, which has its results in the successes of the French competitors in the International horse shows

The International Horse Show, with its cavorting hacks, its plunging jumpers, its prancing ponies and their smart riders, its packs of hounds, its parade of Grand National winners, is now just upon us. Amid the banks of massed flowers sit women of breeding and charm. From the band float strains of seductive music. And down on the tan, urbane, courtly, but quietly imperious, Lord Lonsdale, complete with cigar—the perfect aristocrat and the perfect ring-master—presides over a mise-en-scène *of affluence and elegance. Everything—as our Bright Young Things would say—is "mahvellous"! The question is: How many more International Horse Shows such as this shall we see?*

Now this question is not prompted by the suggestion that the whole social structure of the world is about to collapse. It is prompted by the consideration of whether the horse can survive, and that is a problem which is confronting every lover of that noble animal throughout the world.

It is not surprising. Everything is in the melting-pot—from exported crowns to imported cabbages; from international *haute finance* to proletarian Five Year Plans; from Reparations to local rates; from academic feminism to feministic fripperies—everything. Therefore it is not astonishing that the noble animal—fortunately only metaphorically—has been flung into the seething crucible. No breeder, no lover, no friend of the horse has any doubt about that. The fate of the horse is at stake.

Take, for instance, Mr. Douglas Smith, secretary to the International Horse Show. He, with a twinkling eye but a grave face, will tell you that he has no doubts. He says that the horse is in the balance. I apologize for attempting to improve on Mr. Douglas Smith, but I should say that the horse was at the cross-roads, and that the fork of the roads is at Olympia.

For let us face an awkward fact. The International Horse Show at Olympia is no longer a show—a wonderful and enjoyable show at which the breeders of horses, the lovers of horses, and the friends of horses may forgather. To put it bluntly, the horse-breeding business has been feeling the general economic draught, and the International Horse Show can no longer afford to put up merely a show that, though charming in its general effect, is mainly designed for those to whom the horse represents either bread-and-butter or pleasure.

The first barrier that divided the aristocracy of the horse from the mere groundlings was broken down last year when the pit-ponies were brought up from the coal mines. These pit-ponies were a symbol. They were brought up from the dark depths of the mines to the flower-decked arena at Olympia in the hope that their democratic beauties and humbly steadfast virtues might appeal to the generous mind of the British public as a whole.

Curiously enough—and it is rather sad to think of it—the pathetic appeal of these pit-ponies did not "get over." But that was not their fault. The fault lay, rather, with the International Horse Show, which failed to give the show as a whole the democratic appeal that it needed.

It is but just, however, to say that those who control the International Horse Show have realized their mistake; and this year they have gone as far as any conservative body dare go to make the appeal to the public a wide one. In a way they have been forced to, because competition from other countries is now keen. Hard times in America—especially in South America—have knocked the bottom out of the British horse-breeding business, and if we are to hang on and hold our own and be ready to compete again in the market when better times come, then the breed of every class of British horse must be maintained. But if any industry, especially so sentimental an industry as horse-breeding, is without the support of the public, then it must lose ground.

That is why the International Horse Show is slowly broadening its basis, slowly widening its appeal, slowly endeavouring, without sacrificing any of its innate exclusive and aristocratic delicacy of touch, to evoke a show which is as moving and human and thrilling as the Royal Tournament or the Big Circus.

It is vital in the interests of this country that the International Horse Show should appeal to the mass or the British horse is dead. And if the British horse dies, then millions will be lost.

Now it is astounding how soon, lacking constant vigilance and supreme care, the breed of a horse may be lost. To understand that we must hark back to the War. We can then recall the bitterness of the opposition to racing. There were those who thought that the plea that the quality of the thoroughbreds must be maintained was mere eye-wash to excuse horse-racing at a time inconvenient for its practice. But that was not really so, and the breed has only just kept going.

Other breeds suffered to a disastrous degree. Take, for instance, that curious class, the "officer's charger," which might roughly be described as a cross between a hack and a hunter. Who among us, who had anything to do with horses, does not remember that horrid sinking of the heart when one awaited a consignment—I use the word consignment advisedly—of horses from England during the later stages of the War?

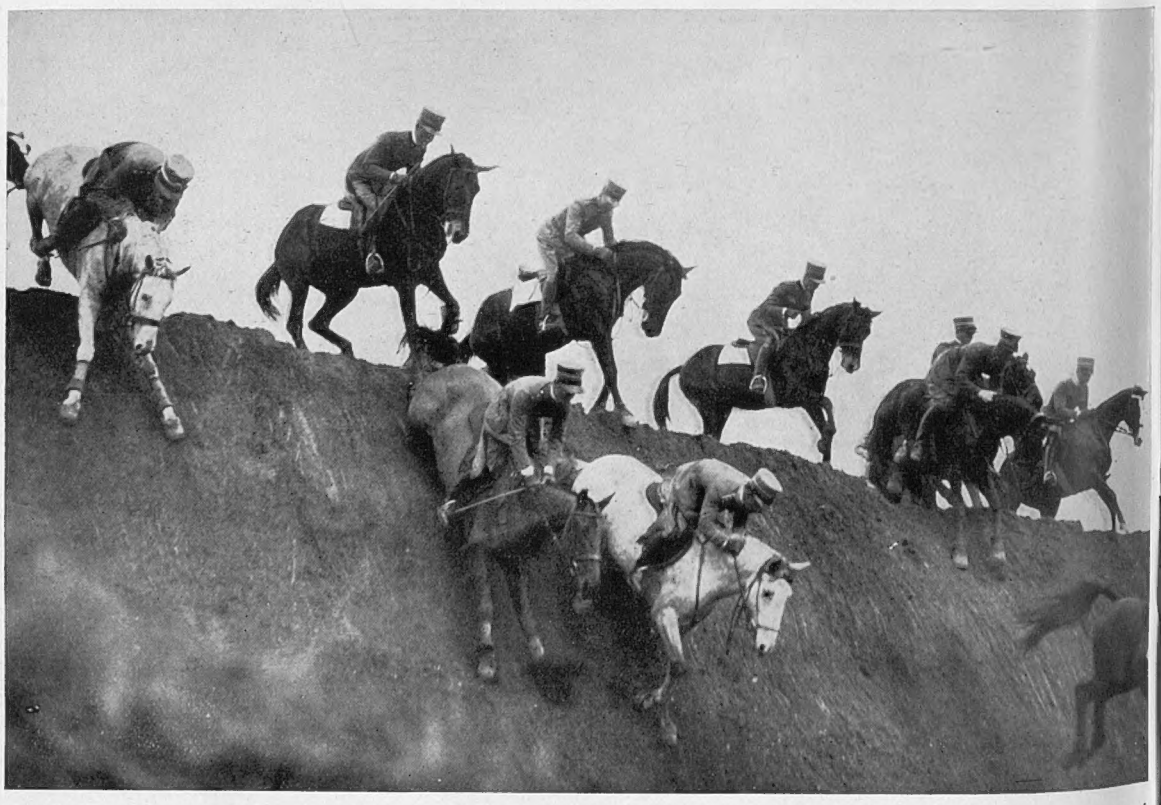
The Remount fellows had a euphemistic term in respect to some horses. They labelled them as "light draught." Well, you picked the best looker of the "light draughts" and consigned him to a tight-lipped groom who, in the interests of discipline, bit off his curses.

There is no doubt that horse-breeding in every grade suffered throughout the War. And since the War, in spite of the efforts of the breeder of every class of horse from thoroughbreds to shires, the industry has been handicapped for the lack of funds due to lack of business. The whole business of the horse is in a perplexing state, and perhaps a dangerous one.

It is an axiom—or at any rate until recently it was an axiom—that the backbone of this country were the middle classes. Well, it is easy enough to partition the society of the horse in this country into three definite classes—an upper class, a middle class, and a working class; and the middle class in horse society has gone. Of the upper class the thoroughbred, the hunter, the hack, the hackney, and that strange blend of beasts, the chaser, still remain. At the other extreme the shire horse and the draught horse, light and heavy, still follow their laborious and precarious existences. But the great middle class of the horse has to all intents and purposes vanished. The motor car has killed it.

Once, and not long since, the dowager drove her over-fed and doubtful quadrupeds in a landau or barouche. Now she shops by Daimler. Not so long ago the stables in every country town on market day were stacked with gigs and cobs, or a beast which could be transferred from the shafts to the hunting field. An Austin or Morris brings the farmer to market now. The squire no longer drives his dog cart. He is at the wheel of a Vauxhall. Miss Smith, B.A., no longer trundles her charges in the governess cart. The children are crowded into a baby something or other, and off they go. The butcher's boy no longer clatters along the hedge-rows on a pony, with a leg of mutton in a basket on his near-side arm. He is out killing someone with a Ford. And so the tale goes on.

Yes, the middle class horse—upper, middle, and lower—has practically been wiped out. Even the working horse is finding it hard to make a living.



EVOLUTIONS AT TOR DI QUINTO: Such a "stunt" is shown above—the urging of horses down an almost perpendicular precipice—a feat that, in Italy, is merely curriculum!

SE MEANS SINESS

the Horse Show at Olym- than Ever Before, Because Horse Breeders are Realiz- port their Livelihood will Vanish

WHITE

Agriculture is in a bad way, and the shire horse—his purpose already hit by tractors—is an expensive beast if you cannot export some of his progeny. And smaller farms, mostly run by younger men with more or less modern ideas, mean lighter horses. These young farmers are in a hurry. They want something that steps up livelier to the collar when at plough.

Still, what one might call the agricultural labourer horse is by no means dead. The idea of collective farming—except so far as concentrated collection for redistribution is concerned—is not so popular as it was. In Canada, at any rate, collective farming is already *démodé*; and that means a scrapping of machinery and a return to the horse. And, as Mr. Ferguson, the High Commissioner for Canada recently assured me, there is practically not a horse in Canada which is not of British importation or descent. So that spells hope.

Why drag in Canada? Well, look at the Horse Show at Olympia and try and realize it is "International." Half the trouble has been that the public has not realized that the horse is international. We have an insular idea that the horse is peculiarly a British institution. It is not. The finest horses we have seen in this country were the carriage horses bred by the Crown at its own particular stud farm. I say "Crown" because the same horses were bred throughout the reigns of Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and, until recently, by the King. Never have there been such horses for bone and substance—seventeen, seventeen-two, and seventeen-three hands; upstanding, majestic, with arched necks and calm eyes—looking through their bridles like kings. No one knows quite how they were bred. It was a secret—and a secret, it is whispered, not unconnected with the Imperial stables at Vienna.

We think, too, of the International Horse Show as the most imposing event in the world of the horse. It is not. There is the "Fédération Internationale Equestre," a body analogous—in authority that is—to our own Jockey Club, whose rules throughout Europe are as adamant as the Queensberry rules in the world of boxing, and it is only recently that the International Horse Show at Olympia has become affiliated with that august body. It is, indeed, our general disregard of what has been happening on the Continent and in America that has robbed us of supremacy in horsemanship.

Year by year foreign competitors have defeated us at the jumps. We seem to have an idea, because this is essentially a hunting country—there are 428 packs of hounds in Great Britain and only 147 in other parts of the world—that we could take a seasoned hunter, put him at the jumps at Olympia, and win. Well, we couldn't.

We have discovered with bitterness that show jumping is a very different matter from the hunting field. A first-flight rider to hounds is an easy victim to the expert horseman from abroad. A hard saying, but true.

It was, as it should be, the Army which found it out. Our men and our horses weren't in the same field with the highly specialized riders who came over from the Ecole de Cavalerie, Saumur, or those daring Italian riders from the military school at Pinerolo, Turin, or the astounding horsemen they send out from the school of Tor di Quinto, Rome.

But it is hard to beat the Englishman, and luckily we had some keen men. The cavalry got together with the gunners—Woolwich is a sound school—and at long last, Weedon, our own school of equitation, came into being. And there the British cavalryman and the gunner began to learn the type of horsemanship which has made the French and Italians so long victorious in the show ring.

In the youthful Colonel Bowden-Smith of the 16th Lancers, Weedon has a chief instructor as keen as could be found, and he means to put the British on top. He is convinced that it is essential, because expert horsemanship carries with it no small degree of social and even political prestige. International horsemanship is a sort of club. The flower of the horsemen of the different countries meet and meet again at show after show on the Continent and, humiliating though it is to confess it, the British show rider has scarcely been qualified to belong. It is rather uncomfortable to discover that on the Continent the British horseman has been regarded somewhat as a joke.

But things are mending, though, sad to say, the handicap at Weedon is now severe. Times are hard, and where there were five "rides" there are now only three. But the training is thorough. It is already taking effect. We did better at Olympia last year.

At Weedon, too, there has been made a great discovery. It is that if you put up a "show" people will come to see it. All over the country horse shows and agricultural shows were suffering from lack of attendance Certain cavalry regiments with horsemen schooled at Weedon decided with great daring to supply the needed attraction in the shape of trick riding. So now what might be called "military troupes" supply the star turn at many agricultural shows. They give displays of riding head downwards from the saddle, vaulting, tent-pegging, jumping, and jumping through fire. Some of the "troupes" go on tour with performing ponies and clowns complete. And, apart from the fun the men get out of it, the regimental funds benefit considerably. One crack regiment got £500 for its turn at an agricultural show, and it paid the show hand over fist. That, of course, is an exceptional case.

So far the War Office has turned a paternal—or perhaps a blind—eye on these efforts which, in reality, mean so much to the interests of British horsemanship. It is to be hoped that the War Office sees farther than it appears to look!

EVOLUTIONS AT WEEDON: Exercises carried out in the training at the English Equitation School include jumps, steep banks, train-jumping, and wire-jumping among other "stunts." Weedon does not yet rival in the severity of its training the great equitation schools of the Continent

JUMPING AT THE TOR DI QUINTO: One of the tests of the superb Italian horsemanship that, with the French and Austrian exponents, has hitherto swamped British competitors at the International horse shows

But Olympia this year offers a magnificent spectacle apart from the events in the arena. In the Empire Hall there are the kennels, to which every day comes a fresh and famous pack of hounds—the Duke of Beaufort's, the Bicester, the Pytchley, the Quorn, the Grafton, and many others. In the arena these packs, with huntsmen and whips, go first at the walk, then at the trot, and then, I understand, as near as you can get hounds full-cry over the tan, without a quarry. And I'd like to hear the shade of the immortal Jorrocks say "Come *hup*, you ugly brute!" if the huntsman's horse balks at a property "bullfinch."

And then there are the Grand National winners, whose names have been bandied by millions, all arranged in neat boxes—Shaun Spadah, Sprig, Shaun Goilin, Grakle—names to conjure with.

And in the arena a programme sufficiently mixed to intrigue the casual visitor who is looking for entertainment, as much as it does that section of the audience to whom mere horsemanship is the breath of life. Jumping, the display of trick riding by the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, pony jumping by children, the Coaching Marathon—a good show; a show which is at last calculated to make people realize that you can get more entertainment out of a horse than you can get out of a motor car.

And when the public realizes this it will be as keen to see that British horsemanship is given as great a chance to hold its own in this sport as in any other. And while no one desires to entangle sport with business more than is necessary, it is to be hoped that it will ultimately be realized that the supremacy of the British horse not merely means victory in sport, but the supremacy of a great industry—a big business with millions in it.

So good luck to the Horse Show!

TENSION on the CONTINENT

CABINET-MAKING IN PARIS: M. Herriot leaving the Elysée after interviewing President Lebrun. M. Bouisson (Soc.) has been elected President of the Chamber of Deputies for the eighth time, while M. Jeanneny was elected President of the Senate in succession to M. Lebrun

AWAITING THE FUTURE: Ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm with the ex-Crown Princess. It is on the cards that he may replace Hindenburg

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE RECEIVES: M. Lebrun held his first official reception shortly after his election—a function held in honour of the Diplomatic Corps. Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador in Paris, is seen above with other members, in uniform and in the formal evening dress of French diplomacy, of the Corps Diplomatique

THE OFFICIAL OPENING of the new dock in Antwerp—the fourth of the new Canal Basin—was performed by King Albert of the Belgians, seen above with the Burgomaster of the City, a few days ago

CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY: Herr von Papen, whose only incursion into public notice occurred when Bernstorff was war-time Ambassador to the U.S.A.

THE NAZIS CHEER the marine troops at the "Skagerrak" (Battle of Jutland) memorial service which, in Germany, is celebrated as a victory. This function was the occasion for a conflict between the National Socialists of the Hitler Army and the Communists—two bodies whose irreconcilable ideals of nationalism and internationalism cause frequent breaches of the peace

NEWS from FOREIGN PARTS

DELUGE ON THE MOSEL: This picture was taken from the railway bridge at Güls immediately after a spectacular cloud-burst. Mud and water are seen pouring down the sloping street into the river which raged like the Alderney Race at turn of tide, and bade fair to break its banks

CORPUS CHRISTI celebrations in Cologne are a notable feature in the life of the town. A great gathering of nuns is seen above moving down one of the main streets a few days ago

NOT SNOW BUT ASHES: A picture from General Pico, a station on the Western (Argentine) Railway some 600 miles away from the scene of the recent eruptions in the Andes. For some weeks the whole area was four inches deep in fine white volatile ash and life could barely be kept going owing to the clogging of every crevice with the ash which resembled powdered pumice-stone

GREETING THEIR PRINCE: An Indian lady makes *Tilak* on the forehead of her ruler when the Nawab Sahib of Palanpur passed through his dominion where he was greeted with uproarious enthusiasm

RIOTING IN BOMBAY has been something of a staple diet to the newspapers; but the situation between Muslim and Hindu is getting increasingly acute. This picture shows the results of the rioting at Bhuleshwar, a Hindu locality that has suffered at the hands of fanatical Islam

THE BRITISH TAR—OR TOMMY—ABROAD, when visiting cafés, is the reverse of his naval or military opposite number of another race, for while in moments of *ennui* he relishes the thought of a "smack at somebody else's fleet" or, in moments of intoxication, indulges in a smack at somebody else's head, the political consciousness characteristic of the Continental does not exist for him

The GROWTH of ME

Our Foreign Correspondent Turns the Searchlight mongers and the Peace-mongers — Both of Whom Usual Frankness the Chances

By FERDINAND

On my table is a periodical devoted to the reproduction of international cartoons. Judging by their bent, we might be a collection of caged monkeys screeching at one another. On one page, in effect, the Pope is depicted as a chimpanzee, this being Moscow's contribution to the Darwin anniversary. Here is France in her now familiar representation of scraggy ex-Maya in bonnet, rouge, and grasping with long fingernails (alternately, she is a bloated, bedecked creature, asphyxiating passers-by). And here is the once robust J.B, a harassed, deflated figure, and, for the Soviet, one covered with blood and chiefly engaged with cannon and gold. (Italy is also not so bad in this line, at our expense.) Turn a page, and one comes upon the current Parisian conception of brother Boche: a helmeted hog whose gas mask forms the snout. Uncle Sam seems to be gradually merging into a gruesome gangster of Shylockian impregnation. Japan, naturally, is hopping about in apeland with bombs and flammenwerfer. And the Germans draw the Poles as holy horror, and so on.

Cartoons minus incisiveness would be poor affairs. Hostile cartoons have ever been a boon to the crayon tribe. French cartoons against England were so hostile thirty-five years ago that when some were recently resurrected in a Paris publication, the Prefect of Police seized the whole number. Nevertheless, it would be a safe bet that the pretty complimentary exchanges of 1932 have not been approached. We are most of us exasperated, living at high tension. None of us knows what's going to happen next, and there's a distressing feeling that the pilots are picking up, go-whither? breezes as they navigate. After the Versailles Treaty had well and truly sown for a renewal of mental armaments—beside which 1914 was a tea-party—the apparently insoluble financial and economic impasse has capped matters in dividing us and impelling us to visit our woes upon our neighbours, phenomenon duly mirrored in several spheres, as in these cartoons which have already done duty in their respective capitals in the way of instilling in the popular mind renewed knowledge of the foreigner.

Is there the slightest connection between this class of pictorial offensiveness and the actual arming of the nations? Does the former aid on the latter? Or does it have no effect at all? Here we come at once to the root of what is now known as "moral disarmament," because what applies to these cartoons applies also to the wider field of the newspapers generally, of the cinema, the theatre, history books, broadcasting, of all the formative agencies of public thought and opinion. Either these agencies can be taken in hand with a view to their influencing towards a lessening of armaments or it is waste of time bothering about them until armaments are in first instance themselves reduced. Such are the two schools of thought currently confronting one another. The negative side is tersely put in a letter from Geneva: "Moral disarmament in the present state of the world seems to me like trying to make an atheist say his prayers. It is no use unless you can make him a Christian first." Litvinoff, at the League, spoke likewise (minus the religion). Moral disarmament must be preceded, or at least accompanied, by the renunciation of armaments. Chauvinism, jingoism, did not spring directly from the feelings and interests of the masses; it was due to the divergent interests of the various States. The nationalist attitude was propagated artificially by means of education and the Press. The aim of this propaganda was to justify armaments, increased armaments, or even war. It was carried on through groups interested sometimes in war industries and sometimes in diverting public opinion from social needs and interests. Moral disarmament was simply the converse of physical disarmament. The latter would automatically insure the former. Moral disarmament, by the methods proposed, would not necessarily lead to physical disarmament. When this was achieved the proposed educative measures could be introduced if still necessary.

We need not go into the fact that none of us intends stripping down to unarmed parity with close on two hundred million Russians already dancing round their highly convertible and gigantic plant of to-morrow, our proffered reward being the subsequent taking of peace lessons beside this charming gentry; rather would it be preferable to trace the present interest in moral disarmament to its origin, to set down what has already been essayed, and by whom, and to seek to peer into the future in this delicate matter.

Ever since 1920 the League has been trying to limit and reduce mental armaments under the severe handicap of the label, "Intellectual Co-operation." Into this rarefied field the Poles latterly crashed. With the wind thoroughly up, they took violent umbrage at the appearance in Berlin of two thrillers aimed at themselves—"Sprengstoff" (explosives) and "Achtung! The Poles Last Night Crossed the East Prussian Frontier," the deuce of a title for any book. It seems that libraries proceeded to improve sales by arranging miniature battlefields in their windows, tin soldiers on sand, and signposts showing the frontier; and the Poles possessing everything from tanks to Berthas, and poor Fritz heroically standing to in a trench with—nothing. The Poles view everything contrary to their Versailles frontiers as mental armament; the motive of their championing of moral disarmament is transparent as could be.

The Intellectual Co-operation branch of the League aspires to fashion "an intellectual policy between the masters of contemporary thought." It aims at mobilizing "thinkers, scholars, scientists" with a view to uniting "learned societies." It also believes a great deal in "exchanges between museums and libraries" and in sending students to other countries, even in encouraging young Germans to write nice letters to young Frenchmen and vice versa. (A laughable fiasco resulted from a reunion not long ago at Strasbourg.)

There can be few more objectionable words in the language than "thinker," and no conjunction of words less likely to capture than "intellectual co-operation," for their exuding of the superior being. And it does seem a pity that we should pay any money at all for advice leading us to exchange bits from museums as part way out of our present troubles.

Moreover, ever since ninety Teutonic thinkers signed a manifesto approving of the invasion of Belgium, one should be permitted to have one's doubts about the learned. I know they are building for the future, these thinkers, but a brighter notion might perhaps be to fasten on to the next year or two. In point of fact, it would seem that this subject divides itself sharply in twain—what can be done for the morrow and what for to-day, and that too much attention has been paid to the former, to schoolchildren and their history books. It may be regrettable that the standard history book of a "highly civilized State" (clearly Italy) instances the following "beneficial consequences of war":—

I.—*For States:*

(1) War is the antidote to the ill weeds of peace in which rationalism ousts idealism and sends all to sleep.
(2) Patriotism is awakened. A sacred enthusiasm for the mother country is aroused.
(3) The conquering nation wins the dominant position, the prestige and influence that are its due. The vanquished nation loses no honour if it has heroically defended itself.
(4) Peoples learn to know and esteem each other better. There are exchanges of ideas, opinions, points of view.
(5) Commerce seeks fresh and often favourable outlets.
(6) Art, more particularly poetry and painting, find admirable subjects.

II.—*For Citizens:*

(1) War gives opportunity for the development of talents. Without war the world would have fewer great men.
(2) Many virtues find occasion for self-expression.
(3) Religious sentiment is awakened alike in the victor and the vanquished.
(4) Many active men find opportunities for making large fortunes.
(5) Death for one's country is sweet.
(6) Death to the enemy lives in the memory of the victor.

It may also be regrettable that little French boys absorb a hundred pages of *L'Epopée* to one of the *Code Napoléon*; that with us, "Mal'brouck s'en va en guerre" in chapter after chapter, whereas the Reform Bill is dismissed in a page or two. Under the influence of such as H. G. Wells this battle distortion of the past should gradually right itself. More difficult will it be, perhaps, to erase inexactitude from history. I can never see a French schoolmaster teach-

"JUTLAND DAY" is celebrated as a memorial of victory in Berlin, one old sailor at which ceremony is here seen being carried out overcome with emotion. In Britain our only analogous occasion is a Day of Peace—November 11

THE VOICE OF FRANCE: "The British Empire spends on liards, 103 millions; Italy, 8 milliards, 417 millions; tions): Soviet Russia, 16 milliards 800 millions" and, reveals at once the Gallic logic, but "stand

NTAL ARMAMENTS

of his Attention to the Psychology of the War- are Equally Dangerous — and Reviews with his for a Real Will to Peace

TUOHY

ing, "whereas an English soldier lit the pyre, Jeanne was sentenced by a French Court presided over by a French Bishop." However, this historical side, useful as it may be, is apt to leave one cold before earnest actuality.

It is my experience that left to themselves the various peoples desire little else than to be friendly one with the other, exception made of the class war exponents and where antagonism is artificially fanned, as in the case of the Fascisti against France. Particularly may this will-to-friendliness be so with the oncoming generation with whom hate or even to feel ill-disposed towards the foreigner seems to be fast becoming

THE GERMAN NAVY is a section of armament on which the attention of the whole patriot party is riveted. In America, the same mental attitude is visible in the "Big Navy" group. But Britain is cutting her once mighty force to a minimum

matters military 18 milliards annually; tne U.S.A. 18 mil- Germany, 15 milliards (including quasi-military organiza- says the poster, "they want *France* to disarm"! The poster pat" mentality, and her rhetorical genius

vieux jeu. Sad but true, however, we can't be left to ourselves, to be friends; we are caught up in the grim business of national push and shove; and it is this side which becomes heavily and publicly accented, principal channels of crystallization being the Press, the cinema, broadcasting, and the theatre. Of these the first easily leads the way for the damage it can do. It amuses one sometimes the way the newspapers trample on the Versailles Treaty as the act of bandits or fools or both. May I be permitted to resurrect something I wrote à propos on the excuse that a fair amount of it still holds good?

> The Allied and victorious Press may have served great purpose in the war and have meant to follow up with equal service in the peace, but—and this with few exceptions—by the attitude in which it approached the indescribably complex and delicate peacemaking of Paris, governed as it appeared to be primarily by an irresponsible determination to make the most journalistic capital out of the proceedings in the scoring of uninterrupted "beats," "scoops," "stunts," and "sensations"; in its wanton setting of statesmen against statesmen under the guise of "developing the personal factor," and, sometimes, even of State against State to sustain a flagging public interest; by the rein it chose to give to flame-fanning and to propaganda, to imaginings, even to falsification and misrepresentation; by the way it winked at betrayal of confidence and encouraged backstair intrigue, wrecked situations by premature publicity, and played up to proprietorial vanities, exaggerated when calm was the essential, and ignored currents the world would have been the wiser for knowing, furthered interested office policies and fostered personal and national bias, in its excision of tact, diplomacy, and reticence from the vocabulary . . . all for a "story" . . . the Allied and victorious Press must scarcely be far behind the actual fashioners of the Treaty in the matter of responsibility for the wreckage which has so speedily ensued.

This, I believe, is called dog eating dog, or chewing the hand that feeds you. Well, but how and why hide these things now? At lunch to-day what do I hear? That Primo de Rivera gave a noted Parisian journalist 250,000 francs of which 25 per cent. was personal and 75 per cent. for the paper; that the journalist sat tight on the whole; that his paper found out and, highly indignant at losing over £2,000, sacked their long and faithful servant. Because we chance to possess the straightest Press and the best in serious affairs do not let that be blinding.

The Poles have even got out a formula for our imprisonment. In Brazil the prison gates are already open. If the journalistic mad-hattery of 1919 and after has declined, the practice of heavy industry running papers has increased with dire results. Briand hit it off in speaking of "Pertinax" writing with a pen of steel. At September's assembly at Geneva this subject of the Press is to be tabled on the motion of Sweden. The objective is to install the right of reply, by international law, when the newspapers overreach themselves. The motion will read:

> "Being aware of the danger which, in the event of an international crisis, may arise from irresponsible Press campaigns and publicity given in the Press to inaccurate or tendencious information; recognizing that aggressive propaganda against a foreign Power may in certain circumstances constitute a veritable threat to the peace of the world; etc."

The barrier to anything being done remains, of course, the fabled and sacrosanct liberty of the Press.

The films may exercise the next greatest formative effect on the public mind. The classic case thus far of their injuring a nation resides in the Americans' showing up of America. When governments don't like films they can bar them — as with France and *Potemkin*, Germany and *All Quiet*, Kemal and *Hell's Angels*. The vexed question, whether war resuscitation is a good or a bad thing, I have always answered to myself thus: war books in the main hold people off war, war films fascinate the young and impressionable. Here are pious hopes from screenland:

Objective and accurate knowledge of the life, habits, and mentality of each people by reference to authentic documents and not as the outcome of fanciful or artificial creations or the speculation of incompetent authors.

Respect for the political conceptions of each country.

Respect for the political chiefs, prominent persons and representative authorities in each State and for their religious, political, or spiritual outlook.

Respect for the national history of each State. Distribution of films showing objectively and without wounding the susceptibilities of any people the general or special lines for the actual establishment of peace.

GERMANY SLEEPS: A poster, the gist of the legend of which reads that the world has broken all its pacific or pacifist promises, and so long as Germany allows its greatest efforts to be dissipated in party strife, so long will the world wag in the same old way, deeming that Germany (like Friedrich Barbarossa) sleeps. This is something of a counterblast to the visual armament propaganda launched by other Continental countries

I fail to see how the last could be done without throwing on the screen a map of before and after Versailles, replete with ethnological and economic change. Again, there are two opinions about the wisdom of our knowing each other better, while the proposal "to make people known to each other in their noblest aspects" actually engenders a legitimate alarm.

It may be that the best film vehicle is the common or garden news reel showing what the rest of the world is doing.

The attempt is to be made to persuade nations to undertake not to project any film likely to disturb good relations or arouse hatred or contempt of foreigners. How difficult to encompass this it would be may be gauged from the fact that I recently walked out of *L'Homme qui Assassina*, a story written round Fashoda time. One is used to English knights getting drunk on whisky in public restaurants—even directors of the Ottoman Bank, as in this case, but then other things happened.

Of all peoples, Poland and the Reich are the only ones up till now to agree not to wound each other in the ether. But it does not seem that much wounding has yet been the rule, Moscow's treated review of affairs being the exception. The effort in this sphere is to hinder the broadcasting of misleading news, and of speeches or readings capable of envenoming international relations, or likely to offend the legitimate sentiments of foreign listeners-in. The wireless has been abused so far more for internal purposes, Hindenburg barred his opponents from using it. M. Tardieu meted it out only to such as he deemed might help him —Blum not being one of these, though the owner of a voice millions would have heard in agreement. Our Labour Party protested that the National candidates spoke on a ratio of six to one.

Possibly the stage is playing an ever lesser rôle. The chief anti-foreign agency is certainly revue and cabaret on the Continent. A good experiment in self-control is to sit through a real Parisian cabaret like the *Boîte à Fursy* or the *Noctambules*. Few non-French escape being scalded in this steam outlet of an inherent xenophobia. (But does that beckon war a centimetre nearer?) Internationally offensive productions are not frequent. Of late there have been young Rostand's wretched charge against Queen Victoria, a Stockholm revue which the Quai d'Orsay objected to, and now Berlin has requested that a play depicting the ex-Crown Prince as "le Boucher de Verdun" should cease. Little Willie being more than a possible next King of Prussia—may be that's the reason. Anyway, Foch has testified that he wasn't a butcher, but the one who would have cut losses early on.

If we concentrate on the above big four of mental armaments, we shall automatically be developing a sense of duty towards the international community and, incidentally, we shall be doing considerably more than the intellectual wallahs who would stop children singing war songs and who shrink back in dismay at the famous soldier's observations, "We must place tin soldiers once more under our children's Christmas trees."

Whether there is anything in mental disarmament is a matter alike of opinion and of testing. Carrying things too far, universal bouquet-handing is a shuddersome prospect. On the other hand, how sick lots of people must be getting of the eternal strained relationships and worse!

THE MODERN WOMAN IN SPORT

CAST IN THE HELLENIC MOULD: Miss Greener at javelin practice in Finsbury Park where, with many other athletes of her sex, she is training for the season's sports meetings. The javelin is a traditionally woman's event as well as a man's

A CRACK SHOT: Miss Grace Chun, a Chinese, is the outstanding member of the University of Hawaii rifle team and has frequently recorded 100 per cent. scores. Her team specializes in telegraphic matches with those of other and similar institutions in the U.S.A.

A PRACTICE SHOT: Miss Harris, who last year won the event at an outstanding competition in the North, keeps her hand in in preparation of matches in the forthcoming season

THE HOT CUP THAT COOLS: A cup of tea is infinitely more refreshing and makes one subsequently feel much cooler on hot days than any iced drink. Even this bathing girl finds (on an admittedly rare occasion) that a bathing suit and a swim are hot work—even in England!

THE ISLAND OF SAGRA, near Rome, has been seriously flooded of late, for the excavations, which produced many relics, went down so deep that they descended below the level of the Tiber whose waters poured in

OLD ROME Flooded

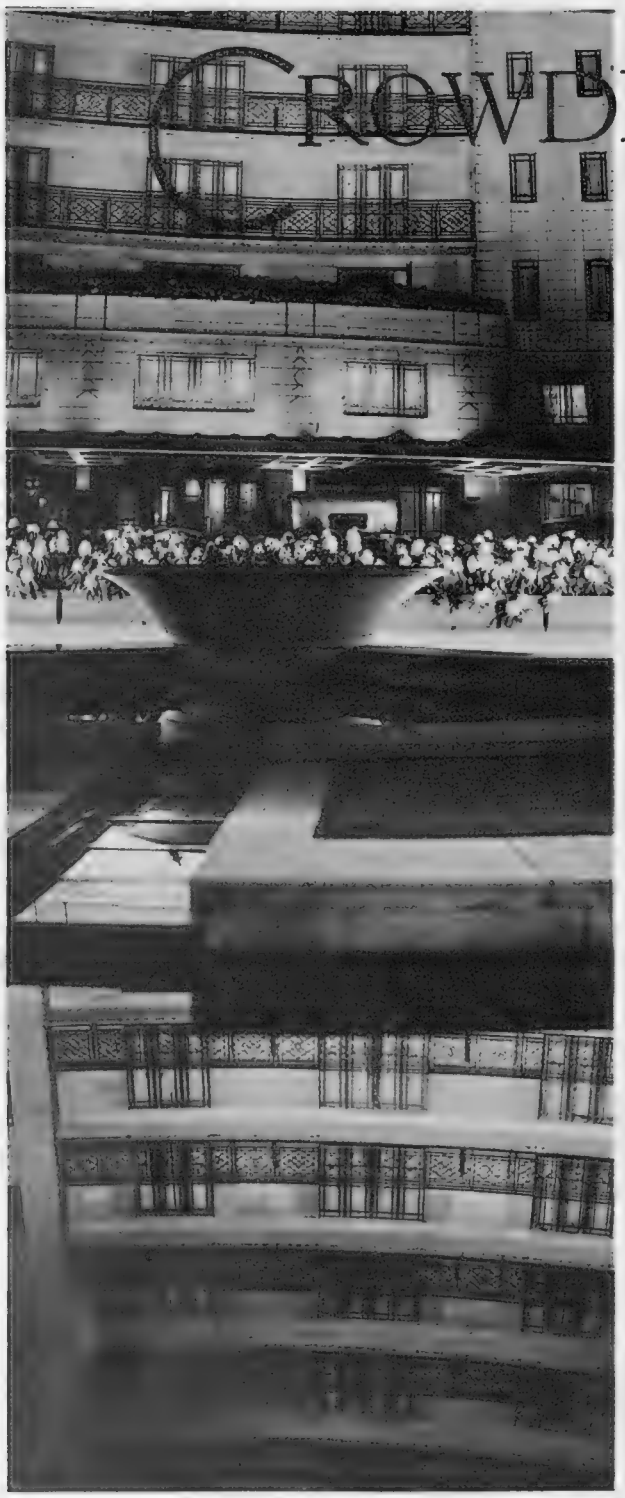
And Some New Discoveries Recorded

THE FLOODED NECROPOLIS: Excavations, a form of activity Mussolini has been stimulating, in and near Rome, extended below river level with the result that serious floods have been recorded

TREASURES OF IMPERIAL ROME: Two noble sarcophagi, one of which is richly sculptured, excavated from beneath Via Appia Antica

ETRUSCAN: A terra cotta sepulchral chest dating back to 350 B.C., found near Chiusi. It graced two English collections and is now in the Art Museum at Worcester, Mass.

C



A CENTRE OF SOCIETY: A Dorchester nocturne, showing the manner in which the veranda-ed frontage is reflected in the little lakes facing the main entrance

CROWDED HOURS OF GLORI

A Personally Conducted Tour

By CHARLES

The telephone rang. "Is that you, Charles? Blackburne here. What are you doing to-night? I got back from Nigeria this morning and I have to go to Scotland to-morrow. That leaves exactly twenty-four hours in which to play around London. Will you show me the sights? I've not been back for three years and everything is new to me."

"Of course, you big stiff. 7.45 and a white tie—70, Gloucester Place."

"White tie? Why not a dinner jacket?"

"Can't be done. Tails or nothing."

"O.K. 7.45, then. Tell you all about myself when I see you. Hope you're feeling strong. There's a lot I want to see, not to mention drink."

He rang off. It was six o'clock. The next twenty minutes were spent in telephone calls. There were no seats to be had at the Shaftesbury; there were only dress circles at *The Miracle* and *Cavalcade*. Blackburne, I knew, was not fond of music, so that washed out *The Land of Smiles* and Tauber. Luckily, though, there was a box going at His Majesty's for *The Dubarry*. A table at the Embassy at 11 p.m., another at the Café de Paris at midnight, and a third at the Bat at 1 a.m. seemed to fit the bill. Promptly to the minute Blackburne appeared, sunburnt, and all set for an evening. A glass of sherry, and we were off. "Scott's," I said to the taxi-driver, and we sped off down gutted Gloucester Place, through Portman Square with its green trees, past the house of the late Princess Royal, stopped for the green light outside Selfridge's, proceeded by leaps and bounds to Bond Street, and then shot down its deserted thoroughfare towards Piccadilly. Only a dozen stray pedestrians were in sight, together with a single policeman. A few cars came into view from Brook Street and Conduit Street. But the pretty vendeuses had gone home to Twickenham and Putney. It was too early for the usual queue of cars outside the Embassy Club, but the one-legged flower-seller with his gardenias and carnations was talking to the man at the door. So we came to Piccadilly. By this time we were in a panting mass of theatre-going motor-cars. There was a first night in Shaftesbury Avenue, and another crowd was patronizing the Non-stop Variety at the Pavilion. At last we reached Scott's. A bottle of sauterne, preceded by a pair of Specials at the new cocktail bar, washed down the lobster. We had coffee, too.

"Well, what are our plans?" asked Blackburne. "There is that chap, Douglas Byng, for example. I hear his songs are red hot. What's the place called? Oh, yes, the Monseigneur. A navy blue atmosphere, pleasantly shocked debutantes, and hard-boiled bachelors. Am I right? Yes, I've been reading the papers. Let's go there, unless you've made other plans."

I told him that the evening was already fixed. A few minutes later we were at *The Dubarry* with Anny Ahlers, now the toast of London, tearing the house down, red-haired, provocative and vital; a kind of pocket edition of Marlene Dietrich. "Well," said Blackburne, "tell us who's here? Who's that pretty girl in the stalls, for example? Margaret Whigham? The girl who was engaged to Foulke Warwick? Well, well, I may be poor but I see life. And over there?" I told him. But after an act he said he wanted to go somewhere else. "It's a first-class show, but let's have something new."

As he had not been in London for three years, we went to the Movietone News in Shaftesbury Avenue. It so happened that there was a short reel about life in Nigeria. He thought it grand. Round the corner we went to call on Victor Berlement, the only Frenchman who is allowed to sell wines and spirits in this country. The bar was crowded. Victor Berlement's moustaches waved majestically in the breeze. By now it was ten o'clock. "How about a quick pass at Ciro's?" suggested Blackburne. We went. The dancing in the transformed restaurant had just begun. "Hey, I didn't ask to be taken to Paris," was the exile's comment. "Let's get out of here." We got out. "What next?" "Well, it's a bit early for the Embassy. Tell you what, I've got a brace of tickets for the Charity Ball at Grosvenor House. Let's look in for ten minutes." Blackburne did not think much of the idea as we made our way through a temporary deserted London. However, we went in, and the first person we saw was the Prince of Wales dancing with Miss Earhart. She wore a brand new frock. Prince George was with Lady Milbanke. Tony Vivian's band was stuttering out a quick fox trot.

Sasha

SUPPER AT THE DORCHESTER: Mrs. Frank D'Arcy, M. Jacques Dumaine of the French Embassy, Lady Ursula Horne, Captain Gunston, and Mrs. George Pinckard in a party at a ball on Derby Day

Fred Astaire hove in sight, just back from visiting his sister, now Lady Charles Cavendish, at Lismore. "It's great seeing you," said Fred, who was dancing with Lady Plunket. The ballroom was crowded. Everyone who could wore decorations. The men were all in white ties. Magnums of champagne dotted every table. Who said there was a depression? It was all very gay. Even the Duke of Sutherland looked cheerful. But it was time to go on to the Embassy. We were shown to our table in the slim, expensive room with its beige walls and pink lighting.

"Where's Jack Harris?" asked Blackburne. "Gone to the Café de Paris," I told him. As eleven o'clock approached the place grew fuller and fuller. The floor space shrank. The Gulbenkians took their regular table on the right of the door. Lord Sefton sat in a far corner, slim and pale as ever. The Pims joined the Gulbenkians. Prince Dmitri came in with his wife and a large party. Sir Harry McGowan was at another table. There was no sign of Lady Bridgett Poulett. We saw her later at the Café de Paris. But Lord Tennyson showed up and Colonel Egerton, back from Biarritz, and Lady Seafield and her husband, and in fact the whole of the Embassy crowd. Peter, the best-looking man in London, tucked everybody of importance into their tables. A divorce solicitor looked slily round. Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale was professionally observant. Three gossip writers turned their heads in every direction as they danced, taking mental notes while their well-trained partners memorized the smartest frocks in the room.

"What next?" asked Blackburne abruptly. "This is exactly as it was three years ago, thank goodness, except that there was no 1923 champagne." The bill was brought, and we went off to the Café de Paris. It was an extension night, and more crowded even than the Embassy. All the ex-debutantes were there in force—sulky-looking, conceited-looking, anxious or light-hearted. The young marrieds, like the Horlicks and the Drury-Lowes, were also in evidence. Some wore the new long eyelashes, which look like matted mustard and cress at breakfast, but are all very grand and alluring at night. At least half a dozen, including Mrs. Dudley Ward and Mrs. Claude Leigh and Miss Mala Brand, wore that white piqué dress with a Hawaiian garland which you see everywhere now. Two more gossip writers were ensconced on the rails of the balcony. They were in day clothes, but the waiters were making a great fuss of them. Here we stayed for an hour. Jack Harris played his violin.

The Blandfords had a sofa table. Poulsen the proprietor, in a beautifully cut tail coat, talked to his more important guests in his Danish accent. Billie Bell, the bassoon player, thrummed negligently on his vast instrument. For five years he was on parade at Chelsea Barracks during the day and played in the West End at night. Nelson Keys danced with a partner even smaller than usual. Blackburne enjoyed it: but once again he was becoming restless.

"Where now?" he asked. I suggested the Bat. "Well, let's walk. It'll do us good to have a spot of fresh air." Disdaining a waiting taxi we made our way along Coventry Street. The Lyons' Corner House was crowded as usual, and twenty or thirty people were standing just outside. The arc lights of Piccadilly made the scene as gay as the Reperbahn in Hamburg, and far gayer than Montparnasse in Paris. The Pavilion was illuminated. So was Eros. The flower-sellers had gone; but a red omnibus, the hallmark of London, was lumbering on its final journey up Regent Street. There were still a few newspaper-sellers outside the Criterion. The Circus itself looked glossy in the electric lights. We crossed towards Piccadilly. The blind men had gone home. Thanks to the police there were no frail ladies "waiting for the clubs to shut." A sleepy porter stood in the doorway of the Piccadilly Hotel. A lone hansom cab drawn by a plump young grey mare went spanking past—one of the final six in the West End. Half-a-dozen young men in white ties and tall hats giggled feebly as they passed us—sequel to some stag-party

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY SIT (ON THE audience during the cabarets that lend

OUS SEASON LIFE

of London Delights

GRAVES

before a wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, next day. Cock-eyed perhaps, but they looked clean. We crossed Sackville Street and Bond Street, and finally came to Albemarle Street. It looked deserted enough in all conscience. But a different scene met our eyes as we entered the Bat. An orchestra was in full blast. Coloured balloons were attached to the ceiling. A cartoonist was circulating the tables. An Egyptian was telling fortunes. A red-haired girl sat in one corner, and a noble lord in another. "Why, this is like 1918," said Blackburne. "The next minute people will be throwing paper balls at each other. What fun it is. Why, we even have to sign for our drinks."

The band blared out "Hey, you rascal you." Two girls entered the green and orange room in gaudy paper hats. The cartoonist approached us wordlessly. The Egyptian moved to another table. Our whiskies arrived. Everybody else was dancing energetically. Yes, it was just like the end of the War, and one felt again like a subaltern on leave.

"Have you had enough?" I asked Blackburne. "Certainly not," was the reply. "What about this gambling hell in Cornwall Gardens? I'm told that the manager won't let you lose more than thirty pounds and the champagne is free." But unfortunately I had not the entrée. Nor did I mention the Slippin. It is all very well for fellows like Blackburne who have saved up for three years to go on the bust. Physically and financially there must be some limit to the endurance of the Londoner.

Next morning the telephone rang at nine o'clock. "Well, what about some squash rackets at my club to get rid of last night's liquor?" was Blackburne's suggestion. That seemed fine, and by ten o'clock we were hard at it. A cold shower, an iced ginger ale, and Blackburne was asking for more. "I'm full of apologies and all that," he said, "but you've got to realize that I have only got until eleven o'clock to-night." This time we made our way into St. James's Park and looked at the pelicans. It seemed a nice and restful place. But Blackburne was soon on the move again. "What about Lord's? I'd like to see a spot of first-class cricket again. But first of all I've got to get some shirts, and so on." Dutifully I took him to Jermyn Street, and from there to his tailor in Dover Street. The streets were crowded. Messenger boys dawdled. Old gentlemen with white moustaches were making their way to Stratton Street to get their badges for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. Debutantes were disdainfully taking back the proofs of their latest photographs to some studio in Bond Street. Colonel Cripps was emerging with a vast cigar from his hairdresser's shop. The musical horn of Woolf Barnato's latest car tinkled pleasantly. 'Bus conductors wore their white caps of summer. Pretty women spoke French on the pavement. An Australian was so overcome by the strangeness of London that he spoke to a New Zealander. Americans seemed pleased to see the familiar hue of the Yellow Cab Company's vehicles. A furtive girl went into Solomon's the florists, and committed the unforgivable social sin of ordering orchids for herself. Tommy Graves, well pleased at the defeat of Orwell, was on the sunny side of the pavement. Lady Joan Villiers walked past with her mother. The policeman in the little white box at the top of St. James's Street crouched at his job of controlling the traffic.

After a visit to the tailor we strolled farther westward towards the Dorchester, where a glass of sherry fortified us for a walk up Park Lane. Blackburne was astounded, poor fellow, at the changes which had taken place since he last walked there. Omnibuses roared up and down. "What about a cocktail at the Ritz?" was the next suggestion. This time we took a taxi. The palm court was crowded with smart women talking to still smarter women, while the smartest of them all walked up and down the corridor in their latest clothes. Tomato juice cocktails seemed the order of the day. The Ranee of Pudukota was talking to a secretary from the Spanish Embassy. Sir Robert Throckmorton sat with Mr. Quintin Gilbey. Mr. Edward Tatham made a brief appearance. So did Miss Jeanne Stourton and Lady Tiverton. Gertrude Lawrence came to lunch. Conrad Veidt sported his eyeglass. Lord Inverclyde accompanied his former wife. Two gossip writers chatted with Miss Margaret Whigham. Aletta, the restaurant manager, stood around. The old-fashioned orchestra played bits from aged operas. Almost all the women wore orchids, including the one who had ordered her own.

"TABLEAU"! A dress rehearsal at Grosvenor House of the Rose of Empire Ball, which was held on June 9, and was organized in aid of the National Institute of the Blind

A JOKE OF THE SEASON: Mr. Naunton Wayne, who bet Miss Florence Desmond that she would not impersonate a flower-seller in the Circus, lost his bet—and paid!

FLOOR) AND CLAP!" A typical impression of the gaiety to the great seasonal charity balls

"What about a few good-looking plover eggs?" Blackburne suggested, ignorant that they had been against the law for nearly three years. Gently I disabused him of the idea. The waiter remembered him very well. "You have been away a long time, sir," he said reproachfully. We were lunching at a window table overlooking the park. It was all very green and English. "Better than the Armenonville, anyway," was Blackburne's comment. "Besides, they don't charge you so much for cucumber." The great room was crowded, far more crowded than its sister in Paris would have been. Swift, suave, silent, the waiters earned every penny of the tronc. After the rush of the previous evening it was pleasant to dawdle over the meal, but I had reckoned without my guest. "Where now?" "Let's lunch at Quaglino's," I suggested facetiously. "If you have only a few hours left it would be a shame not to have another meal. But instead of going there I will tell what you'll see—Lady Eleanor Smith and Lady Lindsay-Hogg, Mr. Randolph Churchill chattering hard, and any number of pretty women in the rather elaborate restaurant. It is bound to be crowded, and Quaglino will be looking more like a small, amiable gollywog than ever. There will be a bottle of very old brandy very much in evidence, and probably some of that admirable Steinwein which you can't get anywhere else. There will also be some hot hors-d'œuvres." That seemed to satisfy him. We loitered over a cigar.

What next? I suggested vaguely that we might go skating on the Park Lane ice rink, or swim in the pool at the International Sportsmen's Club, or swing a club at the All Weather School in Holland Park Road, or go on the river in Clifford Whitley's Show Boat to Galleon's Reach and back, or see the jingling colourful spectacle of the Royal Horse Show at Olympia. At first he wanted to do all of them, but finally we whittled it down to the swimming pool. "The Torpedoes," a club within a club, was practising. Lady Alington and her sister plunged through the water like trained seals. The air was warm and the water was almost warmer. We wallowed cheerfully. Backless bathing dresses, rubber horses, and all the paraphernalia of an August day on the Lido spread themselves for our appreciative attention. Only the water bicycles were absent. I left Blackburne to his own devices on the electric camel and the other devices in the gymnasium. For me it was too soon after lunch. At last he tired of it, and we dressed and walked out into Upper Brook Street. A stray couple was playing tennis on the court in Grosvenor Square. Dachshunds and schnausers chased each other on the grass. There was a charity tea-fight at Lady Cunard's. The Metro-Goldwyn-like interior of the new Claridge's astonished Blackburne almost as much as one of Commander Burney's odd-looking motor cars which passed us at the moment.

"What about an hour of Variety?" I suggested, and we went off to the Phœnix theatre to kill time until the first of our cocktail parties. Unsophisticated but agreeable, the performance lulled us until six o'clock, by which time we were due at Madame de Pena's party. Little sausages on sticks, innumerable cocktails, a full-fledged orchestra, our hostess herself, and any number of the faces which we had seen in the previous twenty-four hours, obtruded themselves. Dale Bourn back from a round of golf at Sunningdale, Miss Hilary Charles, Miss Gladys Sammutt, three more gossip writers, the Philip Kindersleys were discernible among the crowd. Cocktail parties are much the same everywhere except Madame de Pena's, which

(Continued on p. 456)

THE BROOKLANDS SEASON
in Full Swing

BEFORE A RACE: Mr. R. C. A. Thompson before the start of a race. His passenger did not accompany him in the race as although women are allowed to drive they are not allowed to act as passengers or "mechanics," as the drivers' companions are termed, at Brooklands

"ALL SET": Mr. D. N. Lett's M.G. in which, among other races, he competed in the Nottingham Senior Mountain Handicap

THE IDOL OF BROOKLANDS: Sir Henry Birkin (centre) with the Earl of Warwick and a friend. Sir Henry is one of the most popular motoring figures

SCORING: Lady (Malcolm) Campbell (right) with Mrs. C. S. Staniland recording laps. *Above* is a frequent vignette at Brooklands—the congratulatory conversation

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

TOWING: Sir Henry Birkin helping on to the track for the parade prior to a race — for motor cars are paraded like horses though they prove more tractable — the Hon. Dorothy Paget's super-charged Bentley. More and more people are taking an interest—active or passive—in motor-racing

THE 1,000-MILE VICTORS: Mrs. E. Wisdom and Miss Joan Richmond who, in a Riley, were the first women to win the J.C.C. 1,000-Mile Race last week

MAHOGANY in NIGERIA

The man at home seldom realizes all that he owes to tropical Africa. Yet it is a fact that it is impossible for him to go through a single day without using many things produced in the tropics. Mahogany is one of the well-nigh indispensable products. It is not merely a luxury providing wood for expensive furniture, but it is the best known wood for pattern making, and for this reason a continuous supply of this wood is vital to many of the key industries. To-day we have to go far afield for the best wood, and it is obvious that the farther one has to go from "floating" rivers or other means of transport the dearer it becomes.

One of the last best mahogany forests of the world is in the Southern Provinces of Nigeria, and as Assistant Conservator of Forests I was in charge of seventy-five timber concessions there, ranging in size from 4 sq. miles to 200 sq. miles. The botanical family providing the main bulk of timber at present utilized is the Meliaceæ. Of this family the genera Khaya, Entandrophragma, and Guarea provide the huge trees which yield these mahoganies.

The mahogany forests belong to the type of forest known as the Tropical Evergreen Forests. They owe their existence to the high tropical rainfall. This forms most of the forest in Nigeria.

In the past this most valuable forest belt has been largely encroached upon by the natives, who whenever they wanted to make a fresh farm would cut down and burn the trees, plant and cultivate one or two food crops, then move on, repeating the same methods of destruction elsewhere. When the area had been so cleared the original type of valuable forest has been replaced by a much inferior one in which the best species do not occur. Herein lies the danger of our mahogany forests becoming exhausted.

The accompanying picture shows a felled log of mahogany being scored preparatory to adzing. A series of V-shaped notches are cut in the upper side of the log by a team of natives. The sap-wood is then removed, and the log is then turned for the same process to be repeated until it is finally squared. All squaring is done with axe and adze.

When a log is squared a track is cut through the forest from the stump of the tree to the nearest trolley line, and hundreds of other smaller trees are now requisitioned to form a corduroy track.

Extracting the logs is the hardest work of all, and now that mahogany is getting more scarce logs often have to be hauled six or seven miles before they meet the trolley line which will take them on their way to the nearest floating river.

When the logs have been pass-hammered by the ranger or forest guard they are ready for extraction and "potter-potter," or mud has to be fetched from the river bank This is smeared on the sticks, forming the corduroy road, otherwise the log would not pass over them.

This work of paving the way with "potter-potter" is generally carried out by a number of small boys who proceed just in front of the log carrying this substance on trays made from tree bark. When the track is ready long steel cables are attached to the log and a hundred or more labourers take up their respective positions along this rope and, encouraged by a head-man and gangers, they strain every muscle in the process of extracting the big mahoganies. Needless to say, this is the work they like least of all as it is terribly exacting, but they generally apply themselves cheerfully to the work, most of the time keeping up a chant and hauling to the rhythm of their song. Squared logs weighing up to 10 tons are shifted in this way.

When the logs reach the trolley line one end is raised by jacks sufficiently high to allow the trucks to be run underneath. When once the log is on the truck it is a comparatively easy matter to run it to the waterside In places where the banks of the river are steep the log is tilted off the truck and allowed to plunge down a slipway into the water below. It is a grand sight to witness a big log taking the water. The one recorded by the camera was only of medium size, weighing perhaps 6 or 7 tons, but even this is about to make a big splash.

R. St. B. B.

SCORING A LOG PREPARATORY TO ADZING: A series of V-shaped notches are cut in the upper side of the log by a team of natives. The sap-wood is then removed and the log is then turned for the same process to be repeated until it is finally squared. All squaring is done with the axe and the adze

FAULTY WOOD: This log is suffering from the defects of both a serious ring-shake and star-shake. It is impossible to detect these faults in the standing timber, and when felled it is often found necessary to discard the end nearest the buttress

TAKING THE WATER: After the log has been squared by axe and adze, it is dragged possibly a distance of six or seven miles over a corduroy road smeared with *potter-potter*, or mud from the river bank, to a trolley line running to the nearest river capable of floating logs. On to trucks the logs are raised by jacks and thence conveyed to the river, where they are tipped on a slipway down steeply sloping banks into the water. Logs weighing ten tons are moved in this way

HIGH-LIGHTS o' the SEASON

THE STRAND is brilliant with the electrics of the Tivoli almost facing those of the Vaudeville, the Adelphi, and Romano's. Farther along are the Gaiety and, of course, the Savoy

THE WINGED GOD OF LONDON is floodlit to add to the brilliance of the Great White Way of the Metropolis. A brilliant new system of lighting has just been installed

TIME FLIES on illuminated wings in the season even when the serious dial of Big Ben is marking it

NON-STOP VARIETY is the latest innovation in the entertainment world in the centre of London's gaiety. The figures, outlined by neon, dance in step, producing in this picture a double action impression

THE POLISHED STEEL ENTRANCE to the Savoy Hotel is a magnet to which all London flocks by day and night

NOCTURNE: *Style Moderne*

STARS THAT DIM ELECTRIC LIGHTS: Mr. Noel Coward with Miss Gloria Swanson (Mrs. Farmer) at the Café de Paris. Miss Swanson, who has just had a son, is one of London's brightest lights

A GOLDEN SCREEN: The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Cripps, who has adopted the vogue of the artificial eyelash, and the Comtesse de Janze rehearse the judging for the shapeliest leg at a recent ball. The narrow slots are for eye competitions, the oval ones, for pretty faces

Charles E. Brown

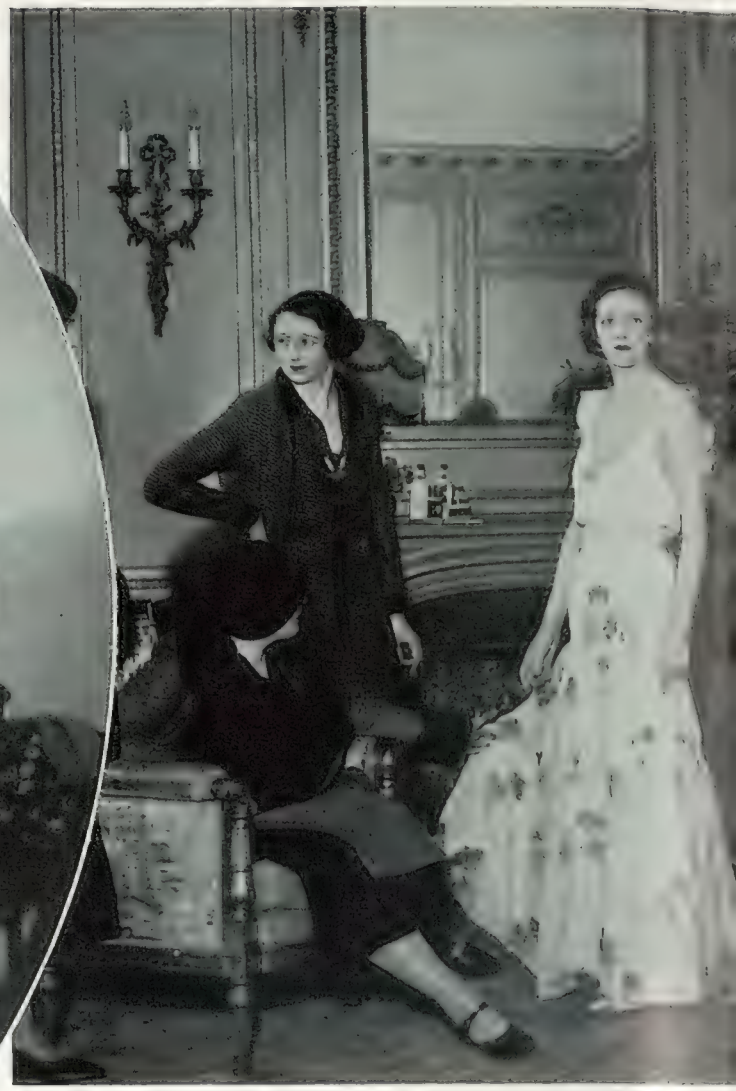
LIGHTS O' LONDON: Nocturne at Trafalgar Square, where one of the Landseer lions couches in heraldic pose, fitting emblem of Empire in this imposing centre of the metropolis

THE LATEST THRILL IN TOWN is the sport of all-in wrestling—perhaps one of the most sensational exhibitions since the gladiatorial contests of Rome rejoiced a mixed audience. All-in wrestling is now the *dernier cri* at the Gargoyle Club, at which Sir Oswald Mosley is seen entertaining

MANNEQUINS AT MIDNIGHT are quite *de rigueur* nowadays, and even the Carlton, perhaps the most conservative of the great entertaining hotels, has adopted the supper dress-show as one of its seasonal attractions—a reflection on the trend of modern tastes in amusement

THE MYSTERY AUDITION held recently at the Phœnix Theatre was attended by some 450 aspirants to stage honours. A group is seen above watching their rivals "do their stuff"

ON AND O



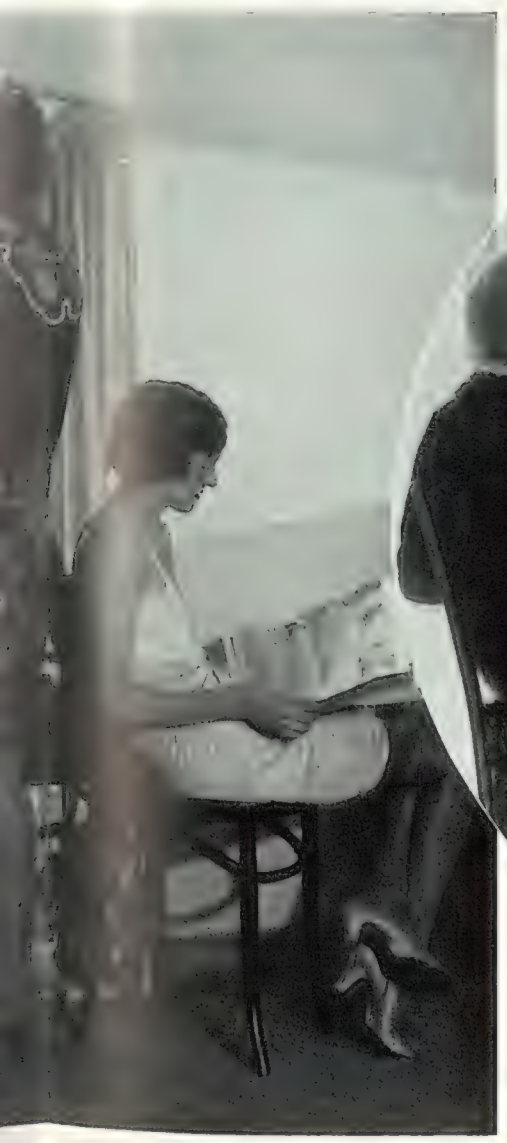
"Modom would look enchanting in the figured chiffon: it is q
'Cadogan'." On left (dresser): *"I* [illegible] *fi*

"How does it hang in front? Look out, you're pinching me! Won't those poppers snap to? Heavens! That means I've put on we
means starving again—it would *when Bill has asked me to the Berkeley to-night!"*

OFF DUTY: *Intimate Glimpses of the Mannequins of London Before and Behind the Scenes at the Great* Couturiers

Special "Sphere" pictures

it is quite 'Ascot' ; while the bridal frock, though simple in line, is very
n't fix this strap if you don't keep still a minute, miss"



on weight again. Oh well, I suppose it

"Yes, my dear, the sweetest baby—my sister worships him. I'm only too thankful when I get a moment's sit down so as I can get on with the woolly I'm knitting for the little mite"

HOMARUS GAMMARUS

(Common Lobster)

"Homarus Gammarus"—oh, what a name,
What a mouthful of Latin is this!
But say it with Guinness—you'll find all the same,
It's a mouthful that won't come amiss

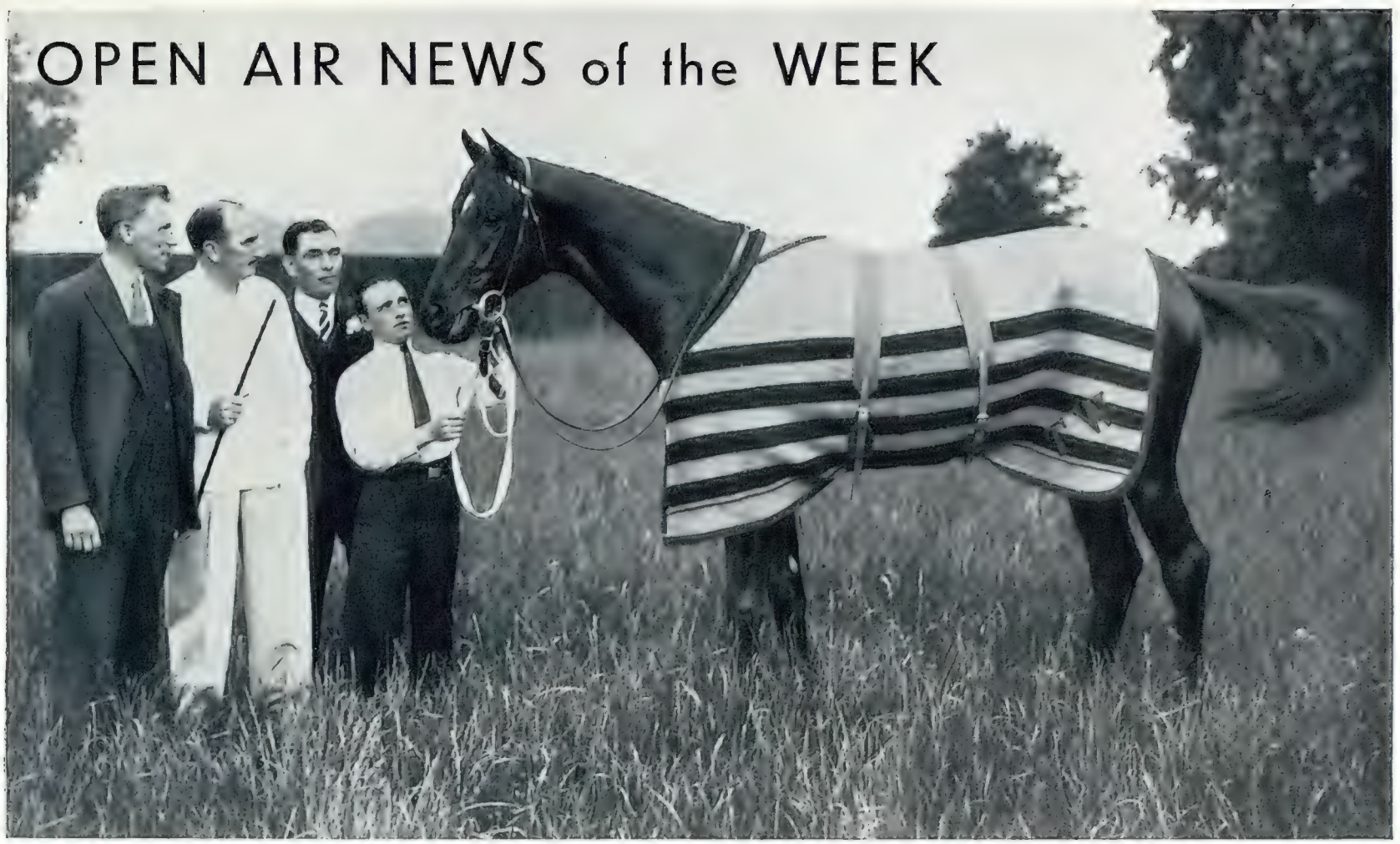
GUINNESS

AND

LOBSTER

G.E.254A.

OPEN AIR NEWS of the WEEK



THE DAY AFTER THE FAIR: April the Fifth and his owner, Mr. Tom Walls, on the day after the Derby. It was revealed only on Oaks Day that April the Fifth almost did not compete in the great race which he won by three-quarters of a length, as his declaration was entered with only 30 sec. to spare. As it was, the horse had to be taken out of his motor-box and walked through lines of motor-cars as the box was completely jammed in the traffic congestion. Mr. Walls has cherished the ambition to win the Derby for many years—almost as keenly, in fact, as did the late Lord Rosebery who announced early in life that he would fulfil three ambitions—to marry an heiress, to be Prime Minister, and to win the Derby

"A FAMOUS VICTORY": Miss Enid Wilson (left) who retained the open golf title with Miss Clem Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, a Scottish competitor, by 7 and 6 holes, having finished the first round only one up. The event was played at Saunton, Devon, and was remarkable for the survival of only one U.S. entrant—until the semi-final

GLOUCESTERSHIRE'S PAGEANT PLAY: Presented at Boddington Manor, near Cheltenham, by Mrs. Violet Seeley. The theme is a fantasy woven with the history of the manor, and is continuous in character, in conformity with the Druidic theory of reincarnation. The Victorian misses on stilts created great amusement during the production

DRAWING THE LONG-BOW: Miss Mollie Magor, Miss S. Magor, and Miss L. Lawrence awaiting their turn to shoot when the Society of Essex Archers held their Medal Day Competition at Brentwood Cricket Ground. The sport of archery is enjoying a recrudescence of popularity among the youth of the country, for it has hitherto been regarded as something of a middle-aged activity. In America several archery clubs have recently been formed

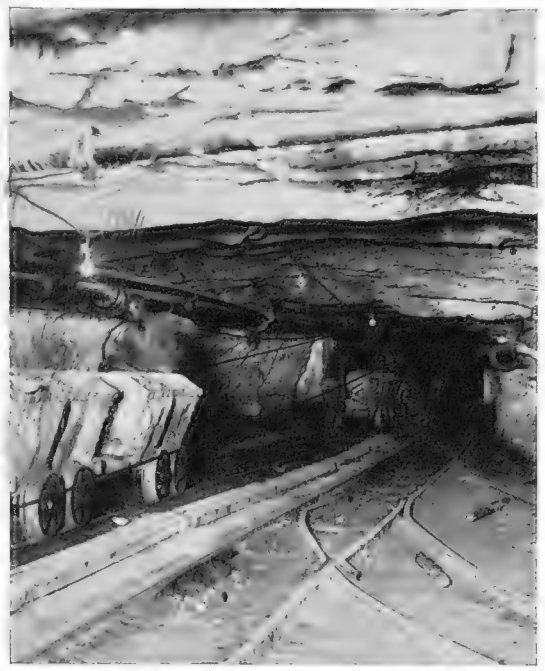
THE SEARCH FOR GOLD

GOLD ON THE GOLD COAST: The *mise-en-scène* of the Ariestar Mine, Prestea

GOLD IN NEW ZEALAND: A gold dredger and tailing heaps in Buller Gorge

GOLD IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA: The Lake View Consols Gold Mine. There is a great effort now on foot to locate a famous treasure cave in Central Australia—an end to which aeroplanes are being used. New Guinea is another potential source from which the vital metallic element of life may be drawn

GOLD IN MEXICO: A view at the Gold Mines at San Pedro in the State of San Luiz Potosi. Fresh ore is seen emerging from one of the shafts



GOLD IN SOUTH AFRICA: Work carried on at a depth of 2,000 ft. is difficult enough, but in some mines on the Rand work is carried on more than a mile underground

The output of gold is diminishing. It is an ironic fact that although gold is the least perishable of metals, the present mines and goldfields cannot work fast enough for world consumption. Archæologists are digging up gold ornaments at Ur and in Egypt; but the modern world of Wall Street and Threadneedle Street is more concerned with the ore dug up on the Witwatersrand or in the icy wastes of Alaska.

The world's annual production of gold has remained practically stationary for eight years. It rarely goes above 20,000,000 ounces. Experts consider that if no new fields are discovered or more efficient mining and milling methods developed, production will decrease by one quarter during the next ten years.

Then again, the amount of gold consumed each year by goldsmiths for ornaments, together with the loss from hoarding in such countries as India, China, and Africa, leaves less gold available for the troubles of international currency.

Finally, no new goldfields of great importance have been developed since 1911, and no new method of recovering the metal from its ore has been perfected, until very recently, since 1886. The importance of finding some new big gold field becomes increasingly obvious.

Where are the world's main treasure houses? In their order of importance they are to be found in South Africa, the United States, Canada, Russia, Mexico, Australasia, Rhodesia. The South African mines, which in 1930 contributed £45,520,166 to the world's gold supply, produce one and a half times as much as the other six countries mentioned put together. It is, however, a fact that the mines of South Africa have increased their gold output. Whereas in 1925 they were producing less than £41,000,000, to-day they are responding to the world demand by increasing their output to £46,000,000.

This twenty miles of uninteresting country, the Witwatersrand, has actually given the world nearly £1,100,000,000 worth of gold.

But this Aladdin's Cave is emptying. It has become important to estimate the amount of gold still hidden in the Rand. The most expert calculation available suggests that there are about 550,000,000 tons of gold ore still available for crushing. This means that the present gold output will continue for about three years, after which a steady decline will set in. Future output depends entirely upon working costs being reduced, which is very doubtful.

Yet the Rand mines have proved wonderfully elastic again and again. The fight for gold goes on. The miners dig deeper and deeper, and the dust and heat below the surface make it more and more difficult for human nature to endure the battle. There is one mine on the Rand where men have to work more than a mile deep in the earth. Two years ago the shaft of the Village Deep Mine had reached a vertical depth of 7,500 ft., the deepest penetration in the world. At such depths the task of preventing the rocks from "bursting" under pressure of the strata above, and of keeping working places cool and well ventilated, becomes increasingly difficult.

When man begins digging deep in the earth the heat becomes almost impossible. The rock temperature tends to rise 1 deg. Fah. for every 300 ft. of depth. And such a rise can be imagined at over 7,000 ft. Some experts on the Rand declare that 10,000 ft. is the limit at which men can dig for gold. It may be that modern science will equip the worker in earth depths with some form of apparatus such as divers use in water depths.

That South Africa is helping considerably to quench the world thirst for gold is obvious. What of the other countries? In the United States within recent months there have been miniature gold rushes in Colorado, in California, and even in Alaska. Those mines believed to be worn out are being worked again. Squatters and prospectors are on the old trails. That there will be any great increase in the world's supply of gold from these old mines is doubtful. The paradox, of course, is in the fact that about half the world's gold lies beneath the pavements of Wall Street at the moment, in vaults. There is a treasure house equal to that of a great new mine.

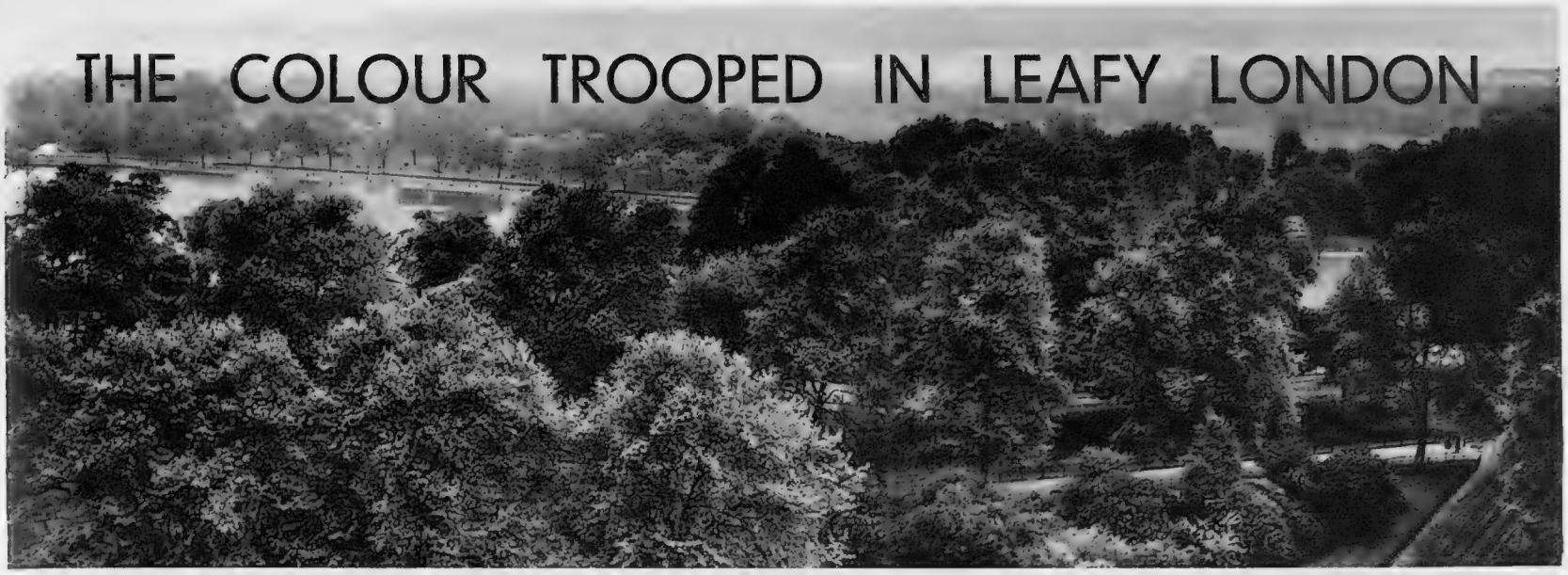
Australia and Rhodesia are opening their old mines. In Rhodesia they are chiefly one man mines. They are sufficiently small to be only worth the while of one white man and a few natives to work them. A few men in business in Salisbury and Bulawayo make a week-end visit to their gold mine in the district. These mines just about pay expenses.

But some promising discoveries have been made in Western Australia. The Australian Government, alive to the importance of the gold-producing industry, has recently decided to pay a bonus of £1 per ounce of gold mined in the country. At the present moment there is more than one expedition seeking a famous treasure cave in Central Australia. One of these expeditions is using aeroplanes to drop food supplies. Business men in Sydney and Melbourne are financing expeditions. The legend of this Australian treasure house has its origin in the reports of an explorer named Earle, who some thirty years ago brought back from the interior wonderful specimens of gold in green quartz. To this dazzling description of a fantastic cave of gold guarded by wild men, he added a rough sketch of the country. Earle's tales have fired the imaginations of Government and individual alike for three decades.

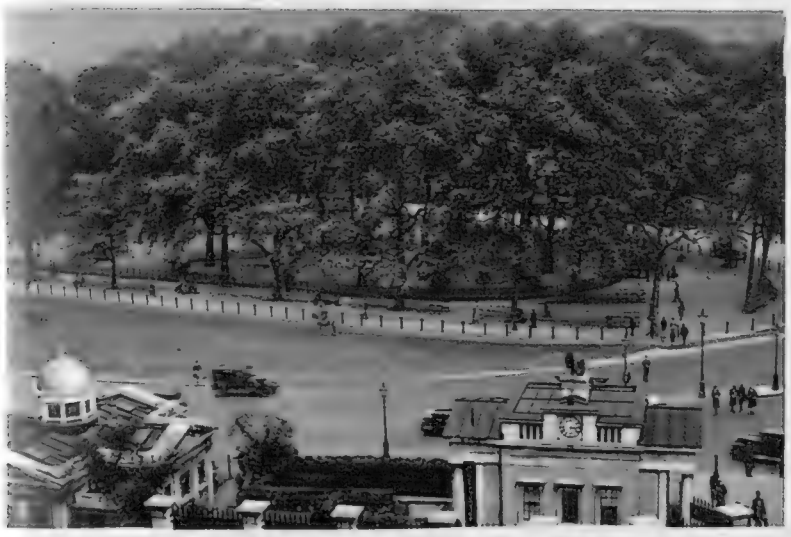
The unknown factor in the world's gold supply is Russia. There are valuable mines in Siberia and the Far East. Are they likely to develop under the lash of the Five Year Plan? Since 1917 the gold output of Russia has diminished. This, however, is probably due to old-fashioned methods of working. It is mainly obtained from alluvial washings. The

(Continued on p. 456)

THE COLOUR TROOPED IN LEAFY LONDON



THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: A general view of the impressive ceremonial which, this year, was distinguished by the notable horsemanship of the Duke of Gloucester whose mount proved obstreperous. Brilliant sunshine favoured the "Pageant of Scarlet"



A MASS OF FOLIAGE seen at Hyde Park Corner from the roof of St. George's Hospital—a sufficiently vivid contrast to the turmoil of Piccadilly

THE CHILDREN'S "CHURCH PARADE": What the walk between Grosvenor Gate and Hyde Park Corner is to the debutante, the Broad Walk is to the "sub-sub-deb." The avenue now runs between heavily massed foliage, that makes of Kensington Gardens a luxuriant and lovely rustic park

Special "Sphere" pictures

KNIGHTSBRIDGE-IN-THE-COUNTRY: A vista at once remarkably vernal and rural in the centre of London. The picture was taken from Park Place. During the past fortnight London's royal parks have been at their best, every tree gleaming with the freshest of green leaves

Elliott and Fry

MR. BASIL MAINE, whose new novel, *Plummer's Cut*, has just been published by Desmond Harmsworth. His first novel, *Rondo*, created a distinct impression

BOOKS:

Mr. J. B. Priestley on the Best Seller: Mr. Osbert Sitwell on Venice: Biography and Autobiography: Five Novels

By CECIL ROBERTS

It was strange to hear from the lips of Mr. J. B. Priestley at the Booksellers' Conference at Chester a plea for the elimination of the term "best seller" from our literary gossip. I was glad to hear it, for the term represents the dominance of the herd instinct over literary taste. Every day I am more depressed by the factors that are brought to bear upon the arrest of success in literature. Such devious methods are resorted to in the name of publicity that I begin to wonder how any book of the future can win recognition by merit alone. There is the Sunday orgy of advertising with its parallel columns of praise and the extravagant eulogia of critics extracted from their context upon the principle of rhapsody without reason. Of late I have witnessed other developments. It is becoming an increasing habit for authors and publishers to give cocktail parties for the launching of a new book, with the obvious desire to guarantee a favourable judgment by the critics who respond to these invitations. There is also the more subtle method of enlisting influential support by flattering those in power with paper-bound advance copies—a sort of god-parent relationship, for the critic who has stood at the font of print can scarcely go back on his charge. There is also more direct bribery. It seems possible to combine the function of publisher's reader and critic, and economize in labour by using the private recommendation for the public praise, with the obvious advantage to author, publisher, and critic who finds himself in enthusiastic agreement with his own choice! But the ramifications of the literary world do not end with these connected interests. The other day I received from a person who should know better the request that I should read the advance copy of his friend's book and contribute an opinion that could be quoted in the early advertisements. In view of the fact that time is money he would be glad to pay me a fee of —— for my trouble. I have replied in no uncertain terms to this attempt at bribery. Who is paying this "fee," the friend or the author? Apart from the uncomplimentary inference that I can be bought I am appalled at the lengths to which some authors will go to organize success. They spend three-quarters of their time in boosting themselves and wire-pulling. The whole business is lowering authorship as a profession and degrading literature.

I can never resist a book of travel—once upon a time because I was eager to read about places I had not seen, now because I enjoy reading what other people think of the places I know so well. There is a kind of detective instinct that comes into play. With a sense of superior knowledge one is prepared to trap the unsuspecting writer in any error he commits. For this reason I have been an eager and observant reader of *Winters of Content*, by Osbert Sitwell (Duckworth. 15s.). This is an admirable and most enjoyable book by a traveller who goes over old ground, with occasional side-stepping into new territory, and continues to say something new about the most observed of places and things.

Mr. Sitwell's winter of content was confined to Italy: Christmas in Venice, the New Year in Apulia, and visits in Emilia, with an excursion to Palma. He indulges in some thoughts upon Maria Louisa, mother of the King of Rome, and upon Canova, for whom I rejoice to see Mr. Sitwell has a good word despite the approbation of the Victorians. So low has contemporary taste fallen in regard to this truly great sculptor that a few months ago I saw a treble life-size head of Napoleon by Canova sold at auction for seven pounds, about a fifth of the price of the marble and base.

There is a most delightful story of the author's visit to Malcontenta, that enormous decayed villa on the Brenta of the Foscari, where Mr. Berti Landsberg has placed all lovers of the Venetian tradition under a debt by his heroic restoration. I could wish, however, that Mr. Sitwell would not mar the pleasure of this book by some interminable ill-constructed sentences. An interpolated sneer at Wilhelmina Stitch and Alfred Noyes is not only quite beside the point; it is unworthy of a writer who has passed outside the amateur state when such puerilities were more condonable. There is a looseness at moments that makes one wonder how far Mr. Sitwell can be taken on faith. Was not the Palladian copy of La Rotonda at Nuthall Temple, and not *Priory?* and in any case it is simply untrue to speak of Nottingham as a "grim and grimy city." So far from being grimy it is one of the cleanest cities in the kingdom, and in no aspect could it be regarded as grim with its fine square, acropolis-like castle, and magnificent park and embankment. It is, moreover, seven and not three miles from Nuthall. And why does Mr. Sitwell renew the common error of all loose commentators on Venice by naming the four horses of San Marco as the only equine examples in the city, when there is the superb, world-famous steed of the great Colleoni statue in the Campo San Zanipolo?

I do not wish to seem carping and ungrateful. Mr. Sitwell has given us a charming book of travel. It is a pity to spoil it with a few errors of style, taste, and statement.

RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Cyprian," by GRACE E. THOMPSON (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net); "The Dissolution of an Empire," by MERIEL BUCHANAN (John Murray. 15s. net); "Culmination: A Novel," by JOHN FURNILL (Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d. net); "John Clare," by J. W. and ANNE TIBBLE (Cobden-Sanderson. 21s. net); "The Magnificent Comedy," by MEADE MINNEGERODE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d. net)

Miss Nina Hamnett's autobiography, *Laughing Torso* (Constable. 15s.), is an artless jumble of names and confessions which convey some sort of impression of the lives of disorderly and second-rate artists. Why dirt, immorality, and irregular habits should be considered conducive to a career of art is a mystery which can only be known in the underworld of Bohemia. Amid all the jumble of these "celebrities" there is only one truly witty saying, which cannot be reported, and the examples of "art" that accompany the text as illustrations seem on a level with the prose. "I painted a life-size portrait which delighted us both. I gave it to a second-rate woman novelist who, I believe, put it in the dust-bin." But she may have been a first-rate art critic. What an exhaustive business keeping ultra-modern seems to be! Artists buzz in this book like a swarm of angry bees; being respectable must be like a rest cure. According to Miss Hamnett she has spent much of her time taking her clothes off. Now even that will achieve nothing among the nudist colonies for whom health comes before art, and pigmentation before pigments. It is a future very depressing for a laughing torso.

Mr. Peter Davies has added to his series of short biographies, *Lenin*, by James Maxton, and *Akbar*, by Laurence Binyon (5s.). Mr. Maxton has written a straightforward outline of Lenin's hunted life, which is comparatively free from political bias. It will come as a surprise to learn that both Marx and Lenin obtained much of their revolutionary equipment from the British Museum, though we doubt whether many will share Mr. Maxton's pious wish, "At some date in the future the authorities of the British Museum may take pride in the fact."

The Bolshevik regime appears to have had birth at a meeting between Lenin and Trotsky in a London kitchen in the autumn of 1902. Mr. Maxton has written a study rich in facts and sympathetic interpretation. We have all heard of Akbar, but our knowledge of him is often slight. He was one of the great conquerors, the man who consolidated India under his rule. Intelligence, courage, learning, and toleration were mixed with the ferocity of his period. All the colour and turmoil of Indian life is reflected in this admirable short biography. Strange how fitful history is in her award of fame. Akbar was greater than Napoleon, yet greater than Akbar was Osoka, who embraced the whole of India, Nepal, and Kashmir in his conquests. Mr. Binyon's book presents a forgotten and compelling character.

(Continued on p. 456)

IN *CASANOVA:* Fräulein Marianne Winkelstern, a distinguished ballerina from Berlin, who has made a successful London debut at the Coliseum

PARTY is the latest product of the pen of Mr. Ivor Novello. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Margaret Vines, and Mr. Martin Lewis are seen in the centre of this group at the Strand

PLAYS: The Tauber Problem Solved: Opera Reviewed: "Twelfth Night" at the New: "The Kingdom of God" at the Westminster

By PHILIP PAGE

Tauber or not Tauber—that is the question. There is not much discussion possible over that queer piece of *Mittel Europa chinoiserie*, *The Land of Smiles*, other than whether Richard Tauber is or is not a great tenor. No one hovers midway and declares he is a middling tenor. He is, it seems, either the best or the worst the world has ever seen; an enormous number of enthusiasts consider him the best, which is all the better for him and for them.

The Land of Smiles is now at the vast Dominion Theatre where, from the back of the stalls, people on the stage appear as performing fleas seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Distance does not worry Tauber, for he has simply to let that voice of his go and it is heard anywhere. What is more clever of him, and certainly more artistic, is that he can let it be heard even when, as it were, it is at half-cock. At Drury Lane he was overdoing his *pianissimo*, perhaps because he was in poor health and saving his voice up. At the Dominion he still works this trick (and it is a trick); but he does not overwork it, and sometimes treats his audience to a true *pianissimo* which is not also a *falsetto*.

To sum up, I do not think Herr Tauber is the greatest tenor in the world. But he is certainly the cleverest. He has a fine voice and the showmanship in him to make the best of it. At least four tenors have sung at Covent Garden within the last twelve months who, *as singers*, are much better than Tauber. But they have not Tauber's little ways with an audience.

Miss Jose Fearon is the new heroine of *The Land of Smiles*. She is a brilliant soprano, with purity of tone as well as power, a good actress and a good looker. Why we have had, and still have, many a musical-comedy *impresario* ransacking Europe and America to find extravagantly paid young women who cannot talk English when Miss Fearon has been available, is one of those mysteries of the theatre which defy solution. A possible solution would be that it is not always the *impresario* who does the ransacking. Sometimes he snaps at whatever the agent dangles before him.

Miss Helen Kürty repeats her performance as an original type of soubrette and Mr. Patrick Waddington moves through this strange picture of China as it isn't and couldn't possibly ever be, with the decorum of the nice young undergraduate.

IN *THE LAND OF SMILES*: Fräulein Helen Kürty is delightful as Princess Mi in the revival, at the Dominion, of the successful Drury Lane musical comedy

The opera season this year has been short, sweet, and successful. Covent Garden after refusing to consent, consented, with the result that it has enjoyed a period of pre-war social splendour and, what is considerably more important, very high musical achievement.

Wagner undiluted is solemn stuff, and the only comic relief the season has had has been the spectacle of a brace of Sitwells yapping at the heels of the great man. What Sitwell Primus means by "tweed-clad tunes," and how Sitwell Secundus can call Hans Sachs's monologues in *Die Meistersinger* "noisy tedium," I do not know. But I do know that Sir Thomas Beecham conducted some electric performances, and Professor Heger some extremely sound ones, and that no man but Wagner could have packed a vast theatre at high prices five nights a week for a month.

The London Symphony Orchestra ended up the season better than it began, and those arch-offenders, the horn players, eventually behaved quite immaculately. Frida Leider, Marie Olczewska, Schorr, Melchior, Wolff, Lotte Lehmann, and Habich scored most of the honours. The new German baritone, Hoffmann, and the new German tenor, Taucher (pronounced by the irreverent "Torture"), were disappointments. But one must not omit the success of certain British singers in important rôles, notably Florence Easton, Odette de Foras, Norman Allin, and Walter Widdop.

These are not the days when it is diplomatic to say of any theatrical management that it deserves support and encouragement because it is doing good work. I think they *are* doing good work at the New Theatre, but to harp on that point will not help, since the public are not in the least altruistic, will scent "educational value" in such hints, and will stay away.

MAN AND WOMAN: Miss Jean Forbes Robertson as Viola, and Mr. Godfrey Kenton as Sebastian in the latest production of *Twelfth Night* at the New Theatre

Twelfth Night is to be recommended because it is a charming, an amusing, and an artistic *entertainment*. That it is costumed and staged in black-and-white is a side issue; any other brand of presentation would have been equally acceptable with the acting and the intelligent production as it is. This is just how a Shakespearean comedy should be treated—without pretentiousness and without affectation in the matter of either too much scenery or too little. A perfect revival and, as befits the black-and-white atmosphere a most effective tonic.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry plays Olivia with the right touch of flamboyance (a relation of Queen Elizabeth is this Olivia) and not a little of the Terry charm. The Viola of Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson is too sombre and soulful for my liking, but I will not quarrel with those who have waxed ecstatic in praising it. Mr. Arthur Wontner's Malvolio is a fine piece of work. Mr. Norman Forbes's Sir Andrew Aguecheek has been deservedly famous for half a century, and Mr. Robert Atkins, who has produced, is a ripe and lovably vinous Sir Toby. Mr. Herman Finck's incidental music is precisely what is wanted to complete this very merry diversion.

DANGEROUS CORNER, by J. B. Priestley, is a clever detective story (at the Lyric) of a new type. Miss Esmé Church, Mr. Richard Bird, Miss Marie Ney, Miss Flora Robson, and Mr. Frank Allenby are seen above

There are fewer nuns in *The Kingdom of God* at the Westminster Theatre than there are in *Casanova* at the Coliseum, and they are much less expensively dressed. But I prefer them, and the play too.

This delicate study by Martinez Sierra, which Helen and Harley Granville-Barker have translated from the Spanish, is the whole essence of religion without religiosity. It was received with friendly appreciation at its first production at the Strand Theatre some little time ago; but its beauties are not, perhaps, easy to grasp at once, for there is nothing that is superficial about it. At the Westminster, where quietly thoughtful plays removed from the general ruck have become the policy, and a successful one too, it should do well. It is not, of course, a play for a rollicking evening, though it is by no means devoid of humour. It is less like a film than any play that has ever been produced. Yet, it grips, without any appeal to the obvious. Perhaps that is just why it does grip.

A play about a young girl who in the first act is a novice at a home for querulous and half-witted old men, in the second a nursing sister at a retreat for fallen women, and in the third, now a septuagenarian, in command of an orphanage, requires careful handling if it is not to be either ludicrous or boringly realistic. And it must be immaculately acted.

All these requirements are fulfilled at the Westminster. Miss Gillian Scaife repeats her moving performance as the central figure, and has the opportunity of running the gamut over well-nigh all the emotions. A difficult task is tackled very well indeed by Miss Joan White, and Miss Sanchia Robertson gives a vivid insight into those struggles with forbidden thoughts which make a cloistral existence not necessarily a peaceful one.

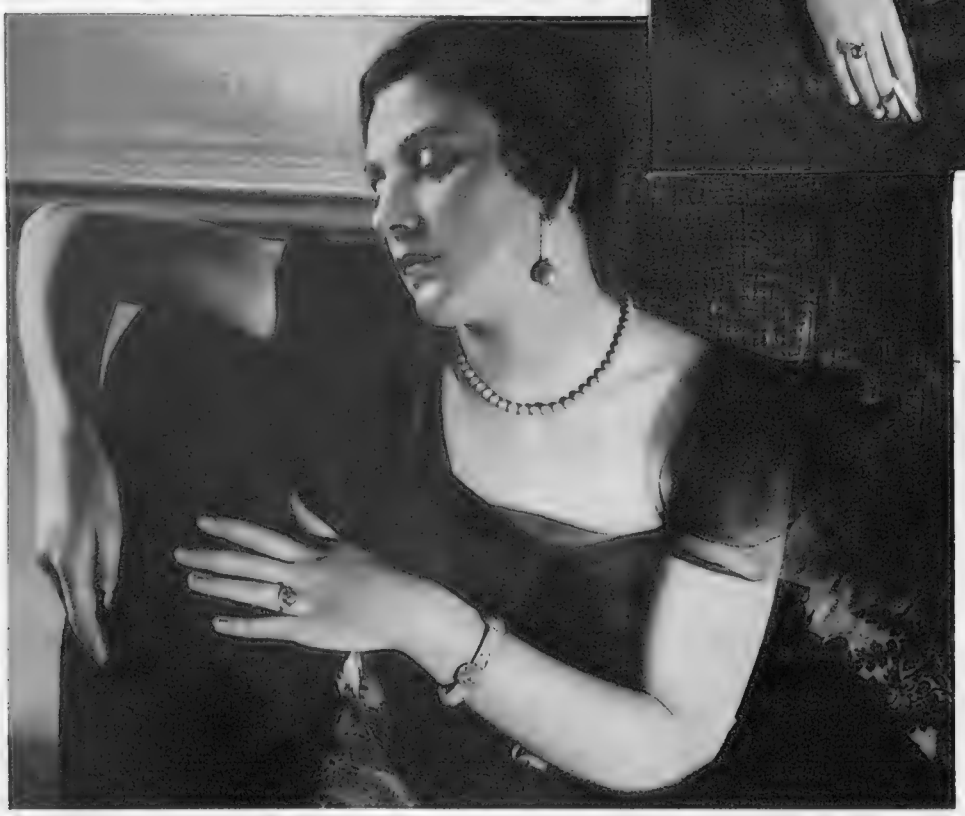
Of the men, Mr. Eugene Leahy—the unforgetable Bishop of Beauvais in Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*—stands out as the doctor. Mr. Harold Young as the returned bull-fighter repeats the admirable performance he gave at the Strand, and welcome survivors from *Tobias and the Angel* are those sterling actors, Mr. Morland Graham and Mr. Frederick Piper.

Under the grey sky of a very cold June and wearing a grey overcoat Mr. Ivor Novello was to be seen at the Theatrical Garden Party in the Botanical Gardens. He was also, I noted, wearing a pleased smile. Which was not to be wondered at, since this crowd of people, thousands upon thousands of them, who had been willing to pay five bob to see Miss Evelyn Laye or Miss Binnie Hale at fairly close quarters, are all of them potential audiences for Mr. Novello's latest play, which reeks of the grease-paint and is intended to do so. Frenzied crowds may gather round railway termini and hotel windows to greet the latest film-star. But for steady, unswerving adoration the crowds at the T.G.P. take a lot of beating.

GEMS *as they are* WORN

IN matters of jewellery the accent is, for the moment, on jade. Although emerald green may be said to be the conventional colouring of this stone, an exquisite apple green tint is more favoured now. A string of jade with drop ear-rings in this delicate tint is seen above, and below a complete ensemble which includes a shorter necklace and ear-rings, a carved jade and diamond bracelet with a jade and diamond ring. These specimens are from Mappin and Webb, who are also responsible for the carved jade brooch and emerald ring on the right

FASHIONS fade and are gone, but the beauty of fine jewels endures as an unfailing enhancement of feminine loveliness. Pearls allied with diamonds, are supreme in their appeal. A string of rare beauty, clasped with emerald, is shown above with drop ear-rings of pearl and diamond. Below: The beauty of pearls and a simple diamond brooch against a black corsage. All these specimens are by Goldsmiths and Silversmiths



MODES à la MODE

By BLANCHE ELLIOTT

London — in June. A time when the old town is at its gayest and at the height of its season. When balls, parties, and At Homes crowd on each other, debutante buds break into bloom in Royal Courts, while brides walk demurely to the altar in greatest profusion—or should one say confusion? Sedate old streets sport striped awnings and steps are carpeted for many gay happenings;

Small, close-fitting hats are still the well-dressed woman's choice. They add a dressy note when softened by a filmy, floating veil which adds a touch of mystery and charm. Illustrated here is one of the new pliable crinoline straws which has been folded into a bow on left side, where it is pulled a little off the head to show the hair in the approved manner

This little skull cap of finest black tulle is suitable for smart evening or restaurant wear. It is appliquéd with coarse white Irish crochet motifs and accompanied by a fichu cape of black tulle, similarly trimmed and edged with a deep gathered frill of tulle, tying on the shoulder in a one-sided effect. It is equally effective worn over a black or white evening frock

A charming frock in heliotrope crêpe de chine with an intriguing bodice that wraps round the back with two sash ends which tie in the front. This gives an effect completely in defiance of the "bustle," making it an entirely misplaced word. The shoulder straps are formed of tiny flowers of the same silk as the dress

Simplicity itself is this charming evening gown of dull white crêpe cut low to a point at the back, where the shoulder pieces are carried to meet a small white bow-tie. Tiny frills outline the bodice and outline the hips in a curving basque-line, preserving the slimness silhouette

A young girl's frock of white net which has a delightfully ingenuous air. The body and hips are closely fitted with diagonal seams and held at the back with a butterfly bow. The little shoulder cape on which white roses nestle may be detached for formal occasions

everyone feels the thrill of the coming events. Meanwhile, frocks and hats are breathing temptation from each shop window or exclusive showroom, for matron and maid must be appropriately gowned to suit the occasion. Our frocks, incidentally, are wearing a disarming air of simplicity as though they, too, would take part in the feeling of close economy which pervades the air. But in truth their looks belie them, for the simpler the frock the greater must be its perfection of cut and line, and in this, dear, deluded males who may by chance be scanning these frivolous lines, lies their real expense

A GIANT OF THE ALPS: The stark, dramatic silhouette of the Matterhorn as seen in summer from Zermatt

THE CITY OF A FAMOUS BRIDGE: A glimpse of Lucerne and the Pilatus. The old timber bridge over the sparkling waters of the Reuss is one of the great Swiss beauty spots

SWITZERLAND in SUMMER

In the minds of the great majority of people travel in Switzerland is mainly associated with the delights of winter sports in a climate which is, to us Britishers at least—accustomed as we are to fogs, rain, and biting cold—the *ne plus ultra* of achievement so far as the weather clerk is concerned. For here the winters are sunny and bracing and not dank and sun-bereft; and if this small country is the "playground of Europe" in winter, how much more so is it in the merry summer-time when the traveller may return and stroll leisurely in those fields over which he glided so swiftly beneath the warm Alpine sun when the land was wrapped in snow.

In the matter of winter sports, however, there is a certain sort of herd-mentality in obedience to which people gravitate unconsciously towards the more well-known resorts. Such a condition attaches not at all to the attractions of summer travel. Indeed there is a greater charm in the smaller and more characteristic resorts which preserve to a greater extent their own local colour and peculiar dialects, customs, and architecture, in addition to which some outstanding natural feature—a lake, the silhouette of a mountain, or a commanding peak—gives them a distinction all their own. Each one of them provides all the summer joys of golf, tennis, boating, bathing, sun-bathing, fishing, dancing, and motoring, while they excel all other European resorts in affording the pleasures of mountaineering and walking tours through passes of the most unique beauty. For those who cannot climb, of course, there are the electric railways giving safe and easy access to famous viewpoints.

It is natural to suppose that Switzerland is essentially a country for the mountaineer. This does not mean, however, that the chief beauties of the Alps are within the reach of none but the most experienced mountaineer; far from it. Certainly the man who climbs the Matterhorn or the Weisshorn has a more enhanced memory of the view by reason of the dangers and difficulties overcome; nevertheless, it is perfectly possible to cross the snow-line and see the best high Alpine scenery without succumbing to vertigo. The journey over the glacier passes of the Oberland from Kandersteg to Meiringen via Petersgrat, entails no slope steeper than 30 deg. For a taste of real mountaineering take train to Jungfraujoch and ascend the comparatively safe slopes of the Jungfrau.

Switzerland is without doubt the walker's paradise. For the gregarious there are always the crowds; for the man who wishes to enjoy the beauties of Nature alone there are the paths. In no other way can one gain so complete an impression of a country as by walking in it, and the Swiss Alps are generous in their response. How better enjoy oneself than with a rucksack on one's back probing the secrets of Nature through the long sunny hours. The many paths quickly lead to the woods and hill pastures, and then the full loveliness of this smiling land is displayed. The hill pastures are covered with the summer snow of narcissus blooms eulogized by Rambert in *Les Alpes Suisses*. Higher up come the gentians and anemones, ranunculi and pansies, and all the saxifrages and every conceivable limestone and granite flora in a riot of colour; cyclamen and rhododendron in abundance in one place, aconites and orchids in another, and poppies and violas elsewhere.

The summer resort of Spiez, on the blue lake of Thun in the Bernese Oberland, is one of the best centres for exploring all this natural beauty. Being a railway junction easy access is gained by diverging lines to Zweisimmen-Lenk and Montreux, to Frutigen and Adelboden, to Kandersteg, Zermatt, and Simplon, and Interlaken and Lucerne. The lake of Thun in Central Switzerland lies on the international line of traffic of the Berne-Loetschberg-Simplon Railway. Spiez, therefore, is easily reached from any country, and forms an excellent starting point for visits to all the valleys of the Oberland with their glaciers. The climate is especially remarkable; the fact that the lake is flanked on the north-east by the lower mountains of Blume, Siegriswil Ridge, and Beatenberg Ridge, obviates any cold north winds, and the basin of the lake, acting as an accumulator for the warmth of the sun, there are no sudden changes of temperature. And this is a thing that has to be thought of by the traveller. A few warm clothes in the suitcase will come in handy in the high mountain valleys where the sun very rarely goes in, for then the winds can blow icy cold from off the snows.

Spiez at the foot of the mighty Niesen has a poetic beauty; its romantic castle recalls the strange law of medieval times. The legend runs that Rudolf II, King of the Burgundians, when he married changed his residence and lived at Spiez with the good Queen Bertha. From that time the castle was called the "Golden Court" while the picturesque country round about was known as the "Golden Air." Einigen, the pilgrimage spot nearby, was known as "Paradise." This very poetical conception is easily accounted for by the fact that Heinrich von Strättlingen in the thirteenth century has been immortalized in name, picture, and song, in the list of the troubadours of the famous Manesse Manuscript; and the possessors of the property, the Bernese Knights von Bubenberg, were related to the Strättlingen family. Later on the property passed into the possession of the Erlach family, the last member of which built the first hotel upon the bay. The variety of amusement offered by such a place is unending. These resorts seem to offer in themselves all the attractions usually sought for separately in special places.

ON AN ALPINE LAKE: A general view of Spiez, on Lake Thun, in the midst of the glorious scenery afforded by the Bernese Oberland

GOATS GALORE grace the upper slopes of Davos in summer, mellowing the starkness of some Alpine scenery

Among the hundreds of walks and trips that may be taken from Spiez are Schynige Platte, and the valleys of the Lutschine; Grindelwald with its glaciers, and Lauterbrunnen with the Staubbach and Trummelbach Falls; the high plateau of Mürren, the tour of Wengernalp and Kleine and Grosse Scheidegg, and from there to the Eiger Glacier and Jungfraujoch; all the surrounding villages of the lakes of Thun and Brienz on to Meiringen and the Gorge of the Aare.

In passing one cannot fail to mention Fribourg, standing brown and white in a girdle of undulating hills with blue and white Alps in the distance. Here in the lower town are the Middle Ages unchanged; hardly an automobile traverses the steep, narrow streets and the houses remain untouched by the finger of Change. But in the Upper Town life bustles on just as in any other modern city. Blue and white trams hurry down the quaint Rue de Lausanne and on the Place de l'Hotel de Ville.

Granville Conway

IN THE UPPER ENGADINE: Lambs gambolling in the flaming Alpine sunset beneath the historic silhouette of Castle Tarasp

OF TRAVEL

SUN-BATHING reaches its peak at Juan les Pins, one of the small but extremely fashionable Riviera resorts where one can acquire the bronze that ladies prefer from Nature's own beauty parlour!

THE FRENCH RIVIERA: A view of Monte Carlo, lapped by the azure Mediterranean, taken from Monaco

THE ROUND ARCH OF THE ROMANESQUE is seen at its best in this monument at Orange—one of the most attractive of Romano-Gallic towns

Ewing Galloway

THE PALAIS DE LONGCHAMP at Marseilles is a combination of a triumphal arch, an aqueduct, and a museum

The CHARM of SOUTHERN FRANCE

The "Blue Train" of the Paris-Lyons-Marseilles Railway—usually referred to as the P.L.M.—is world-famed. It takes one from the French capital on a long journey through the centre of France in luxury and with speed, amid an exquisite countryside, romantically named Provence, with its charming scenery and historic cities and towns, to the azure sea of the Riviera coast.

The Prince of Wales has several times recently, to the delight of many for whom foreign travel is a joy, dealt in his speeches with the benefits which visits to other lands confer, quite apart from considerations of health. Many are putting again into practice their custom of going South in search of sunshine.

The Riviera is calling with just that allure and insistence that it has always done, and what are known as "attractions," in the way of social events, sports, bathing, and particularly sun-bathing nowadays so popular, have been added to, revised, and brought thoroughly up to date. In many cases, too, hotel tariffs have been adjusted with a view of meeting the disadvantages of an exchange that is "up against" the would-be traveller of moderate means. Now is the time, it must be remembered, to see Monte Carlo and many other towns of the French Riviera, both large and small, to a greater advantage than at any other time of the year.

The line runs at first through a country of grass-clad slopes, and on the latter, here and there, are great masses of rock such as one finds in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Then a little later one sees on the trees mistletoe growing in great profusion, for the harvest of this parasite brings "grist to the mill" of many a peasant and small farmer in this district.

From Lyons onwards one is passing through a region of medieval France, a countryside of much charm, and towns at which it is well worth while to break one's journey.

Valence is one of these. It is charmingly situated remarkable for the number of busts and figures on its front, many of which alas! have been mutilated. From Valence one passes through an orchard region beautiful in Spring with the successive blossoms of almond, cherry, pear, apple, and peach trees.

Orange possesses some of the most wonderful relics of the Roman city that once occupied its site. Among these a magnificent triumphal arch on the outskirts of the town; a theatre, supposed to have been burnt down in the long ago, in which annual performances are given in the open air by the company of the Comédie Française from Paris. Orange is a pleasant town in which to stay a while, and has much of interest in its immediate vicinity.

The historic, walled city of Avignon—for a period the place of residence of the Popes—is of great picturesque interest and charm. Indeed, a couple of days may be well spent in exploring it, and it figures in several of the late William J. Locke's most popular novels. Its chief "sights" are the Palace of the ancient Popes, a huge fortress-dwelling dominating the city and forming a striking silhouette seen from across the Rhône; the Cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms; the Archbishop's Palace; and the famous broken, medieval Bridge of St. Bénézet, with its tiny chapel of St. Nicholas upon it; and many churches and the town walls.

Arles is a town of beautiful women, whose charming *coiffes* and coloured shawls, daintily draped, add much to their attractiveness. There are three distinct types surviving the ages, the Roman, Greek and Oriental, and there are like survivals in relation to the buildings. On its eastern side Arles has many Greek and Roman remains. It is a lovely spot redolent with the romance and sentiment of long past ages, and possesses a delightful little, though ruined, Greek theatre. Indeed, if we except Rome and Athens, Arles is the one city which most clearly suggests serene and classic beauty.

Not far northward of Arles lies Tarascon, made famous by Alphonse Daudet's *Tartarin*, with King Réné's vast castle reminding one in its grim squareness of the Bastille destroyed in Paris at the Revolution. A quaint little town with many interesting Provençal types.

Marseilles is just a large French port, not uninteresting or unpicturesque, of course, but it need not detain one.

The view one has of Monte Carlo and Monaco from Roquebrune along the lovely shores of the Bay of Hercules is one of the most beautiful we know, and possibly in the world. The French Riviera has justly been called the playground of Europe, and Monte Carlo is surely that of the Riviera.

For sport one has tennis on the famous La Festa courts, the Ladies' Olympic Games, motor speed-boat racing, yachting golf, at Mont Agel, with prize lists for all these sports amounting to very large sums. Then at Monte Carlo one has some of the finest hotels, restaurants, and cafés in the world—the night-life of Paris veritably transported to the shores of the Mediterranean, and some of the most lovely of women of all nations dressed in the most luxurious and amazing productions of Paris.

The whole atmosphere is one of enjoyment, of laughter and sunshine; both the sky and sea are blue. But for those who do not wish so much of life and of rather hectic gaiety there are quieter places along the lovely coastline, many of them to-day becoming very popular, St. Raphael, St. Trophez, La Turbie, and Juan les Pins, among the number.

Situated amid the trees, and overlooking the Bay of Hercules and Monte Carlo, gleaming white in the sunshine are some of the most beautiful villas—many almost palaces in miniature—in the world, those of Cap Martin. One can spend delightful days of laziness on the rocks beneath the cape, watching the white-sailed, picturesque coasting vessels on their way to and from Genoa.

Clive Holland

THE PAPAL PALACE at Avignon is not only historically but æsthetically and architecturally a fascinating monument

above the Rhône, and there is a very fine view from the cathedral across the river towards the Cevennes and the Vivarais Mountains. The cathedral is well worth seeing. In it, according to medieval custom, lies buried the heart of Pope Pius VI, who died in the town in 1799. In the Grande Rue especially are several very ancient, picturesque, and interesting houses which date from the early part of the sixteenth century. One, known as the Maison des Têtes, is

SCREEN STARS

"THE GARBO IS TIRED": in this phrase Miss Greta Garbo refused an offer of fantastic proportions as she wanted to take a holiday

SOPHISTICATION DIRECTS HYSTERIA: Herr Ernst Lubitsch, the German producer working at Hollywood, is here seen directing the War and post-War play, *The Man I Killed*

STREET SCENE IN GERMANY: A striking method of achieving a desired effect in the Ernst Lubitsch production of *The Man I Killed*, the play of an hysterical soldier who suffers from remorse at his having killed an enemy in war

MISS BRIGETTE HELM with her expressive profile turned to the camera. The star of *Metropolis* and, more recently, of *Atlantide*—based on Pierre Benoit's famous book—Miss Helm has a world-wide following and is easily among the six most popular stars

MASTER JACKIE COOPER, who is far and away the finest child actor on the screen—eclipsing both in technique and appeal the youthful efforts of Jackie Coogan—takes a day off from the studio, and believes, according to the American caption, that he has found some relic of Captain Kidd's pirate ship on the California beach

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* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

SUMMER MOTORING.—We were treated to a particularly dry and mild February, but since then we have paid dearly for the favours then handed out to us by the Clerk of the Weather. As I write these notes we have just had two real fine summer days, and with any luck at all we may look forward to some sun and heat. Motorists have to a large extent been robbed of their real spring motoring, and so if fine days are handed out to us by the weather authorities the roads of the country will be alive with cars. Fortunately, motoring is a pleasure which can be enjoyed whether it is fine or wet, but the pleasure is greatly enhanced if there is a cloudless sky. Summer motoring, in the true sense of the word, is what we are all looking forward to, and we shall be very disappointed if we do not have it.

I am afraid that the great majority of car-owners rob themselves of the greatest pleasures which can be obtained in a car on a fine day. Like sheep they all follow one another in a slow-moving procession to the sea, to the river, or to the open spaces. Some motorists around London have never driven over any roads except those leading direct to Portsmouth, to Brighton, or to some other well-known resort. Such journeys may please them, but I venture to suggest that their pleasure would be more than doubled if they spent the evening before studying a road map and marking out an alternative route to their destination which did not take them on a main road. People who ought to know better often assert that they never take out their cars at week-ends as the roads are crowded. Such a statement is only a half-truth, and therefore misleading. The main roads are crowded, but the secondary roads and lanes are for the most part free of traffic. In addition to obtaining a comparatively free run the beauties of the countryside are to be found only on these unbeaten tracks. My experience shows me that when a longer and more tortuous route, such as I have indicated, is followed the time spent in reaching the pre-determined destination is little more than if the main road were followed.

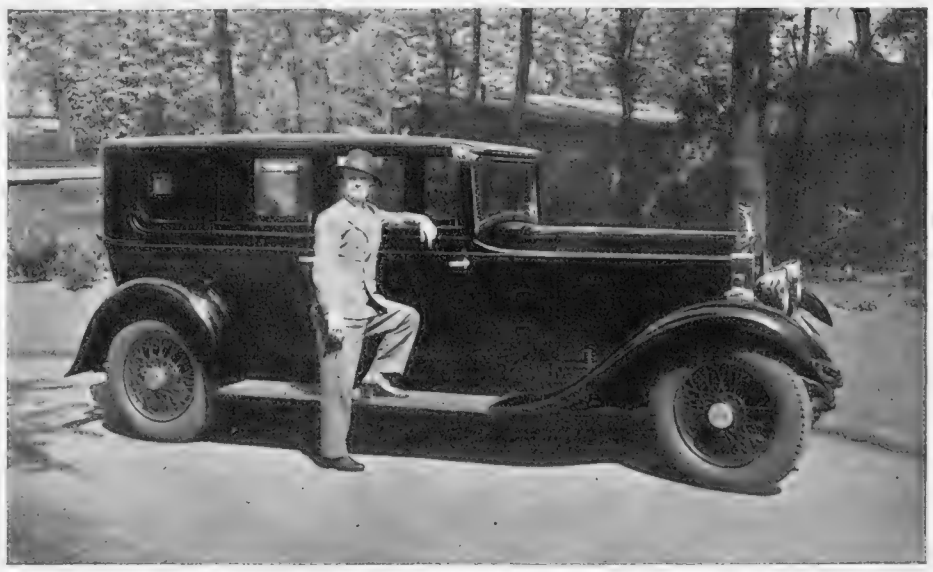
BREATHE IN.—In these days of closed-in cars the majority of modern motorists have seldom, if ever, tasted what I call the real pleasure of motoring. I refer to that wild rush of air which forces oxygen into one's lungs like a super-charger does with the mixture to an engine. In the early days before the War I never would own a car that possessed a windscreen which would not fold down right out of the way, and unless it was raining I would drive mile after mile with the glass hard down on the scuttle and without goggles. I do not recommend the last mentioned procedure to be followed, but I do seriously suggest that when the weather is agreeable hoods should be folded down, roofs opened, and windscreens arranged so that the blast of the oncoming air is felt to the full. In that way the real joys of a motor car are experienced and the driver and his passengers arrive at their journey's end full of vigour from the tonic effects of the weather.

The car-owner is really an idiot if, when on pleasure bent, he travels by train. If the journey is a long one and time is of no great consequence then a journey of three or four hundred miles can easily be split up into two or more parts. A stop *en route* at some country hotel allows the motorists not only to have a rest, but time to look round the village and to rub shoulders with the local inhabitants; in that way a greater knowledge of one's own country is obtained. Having reached Scotland, Wales, Devonshire or wherever the days are to be spent, the car is available for exploring the beauties of the countryside. If one's recreation is golf, tennis, boating or bathing, the car is a willing and always ready servant to take its owner and his friends to the scene of action.

WARM WEATHER ADJUSTMENTS.—As regards the car itself people should remember that at this time of the year the atmosphere is warmer, and if the best is to be obtained from the chassis certain adjustments are called for. During the colder days the pilot or starting jet has been on the rich side so as not to delay matters first thing in the morning. In all probability a new adjustment can be made with advantage and petrol saved, to say nothing of a better running engine at low speeds. Then again the hot weather would suggest that more attention should be paid to the level of the acid in the accumulator as it will evaporate more readily. Particular care must be devoted to the temperature of the cooling water, and in all probability a thinner oil for the engine will be an advantage. Before going on a long holiday or on any vacation where longer mileage than usual has to be covered it will pay to look over the car more minutely than generally. On a

(Continued on p. 452)

MR. JOHN DAVENPORT SIDDELEY, C.B.E., whose thirty-year association with the motoring industry—he participated in the A.C. 1,000-mile trial in 1901 in a 6-h.p. car—has been honoured in the 1932 Birthday Honours. Mr. Siddeley, a Lancashire man, graduated from the push-bike to his present exalted position in the great motor- and aircraft-manufacturing firm of Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd.



CONSTELLATION: Mr. Bobbie Howes, who starred in the Saville Theatre's musical production, *For the Love of Mike*, notable both for its lack of chorus and length of run, with the Hooper enclosed landaulette on a 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis recently supplied to him

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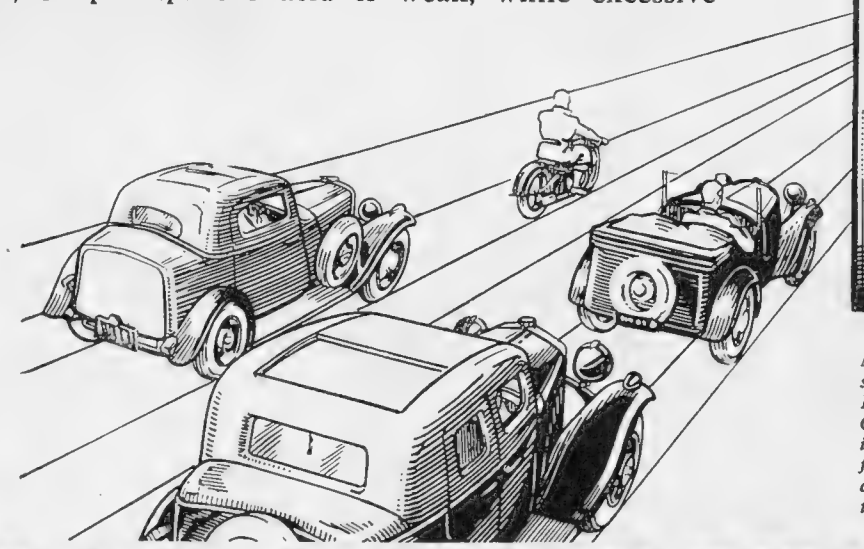

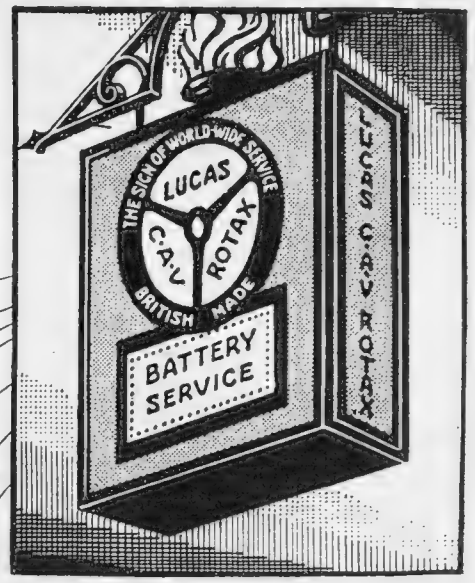

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✲ THE PETROL WORLD ✲

(Continued from preceding page)

long journey it is very annoying when a puncture is experienced to find that the spare wheel is not pumped up to the right pressure, or that the wheels on the car have stuck on the hubs. All such annoyances can be guarded against if due thought is given.

THE COMPANY.—When embarking on a long journey or going on a holiday the driver should be very careful how he or she selects the passengers. Some passengers are cheery, even when misfortune descends. Some are definitely useful whilst others are just the reverse. If your car will take five on a short journey never take more than four, or better still just three, when hundreds of miles have to be covered. Sardine packing may be all right, not only for the sardines but also for their container, if there is a run just to the station, but when 150 or 200 miles is the journey embarked upon then everyone wants lots of elbow room or a car load of very tired and disgruntled people will unload themselves on some unfortunate hotel, where, from the very nature of the circumstances, the food will be rotten and the beds all hard.

Having selected the comfortable number of passengers and of the right type the next item, and it is a very important one, is to insist that not only shall the minimum of clothes, etc., be carried, but that they shall be contained in the very smallest suit-cases available. I regret to say that on the average ladies are the more difficult to deal with on this point, although I have friends of the fair sex who can be quite comfortable for a week with just a hat-box containing their belongings.

"ACES — ALL ACES!" Miss Norma Cave and Mr. Arthur Milner, the young English dancers who won the world championship in Paris, 1931, with a Hillman Wizard saloon at that attractive road house, The Ace of Spades, on the Kingston by-pass

THE GOODS AND CHATTELS.—The next problem is where to carry the luggage on the car. I well remember some years ago travelling down to Devonshire and just as we approached our first night's stop at Cheddar we had a puncture. Through sheer bad management—or perhaps it would be more truthful to say bad design on the part of the car manufacturer—all the luggage was carried on a luggage grid, which prevented us reaching the spare wheel until all the luggage had been unshipped. It may be that this annoyance cannot be avoided, but if it can it is well worth endeavouring to leave the spare wheel free so that it can be used without disturbing the passengers or the suit cases. I would also advise every motorist who carries luggage on the grid behind on a long journey to wrap it well in a waterproof sheet. This will not only prevent the rain soaking through and damping the contents, but if the day is fine it will effectively stop dust gaining access to the interior of the suit-cases. When luggage is carried on the grid behind the car it travels perpetually in a regular whirlwind of dust, and no ordinary suit-case or trunk is proof against that dust. The waterproof sheet is, therefore, a godsend, and if picnicking is the order of the day it will be found useful for that as well.

"HOMES ON WHEELS."—Every one of us is looking forward to some fine weather within the next three or four months. Fine weather conjures up in our minds thoughts of holiday making and what better holiday is there than one out in the open, provided that the sun shines. In the old days holidays meant a tiresome railway journey and then a fortnight's stay in a stuffy, uninteresting and expensive hotel, but to-day, the sensible motorist decides where he will spend his holiday, and then makes arrangements with a Company like the Eccles Caravan Company to pick up one of their "Homes on Wheels" at some convenient point near where the holiday is to be spent. I can imagine no more enjoyable way of thoroughly enjoying a week-end, a week or a fortnight as the case may be. Some people may say that they never like roughing it, but I can assure them that if they once tried an Eccles Caravan they would discover that there was no question of roughing it but rather of living in luxury at the minimum of expense. Many motorists, of course, are fortunate to be able to go away every week-end or at any rate at frequent intervals, and to them I would recommend not to hire but to buy a caravan outright. The Company to which I have referred make a lightweight model which is priced at £165. It is light but substantial and has a steel chassis. Its capacity is four people who can all sleep in comfort and the equipment is so complete that it includes everything down to a mustard spoon and tin-opener. Driving with a caravan is not in any way difficult, but care must be taken that too large a caravan is not purchased, otherwise the car will be taxed to the limit. Any well-known firm such as the Eccles people will be only too pleased to recommend the type of caravan suitable for any particular car.

MOTORING ROMANY: This year many holiday-makers are taking to caravanning. Above is seen an Eccles four-berth caravan on a delightful pitch. The "Pye" radio provides amusement during the lazy hours of the summer holiday

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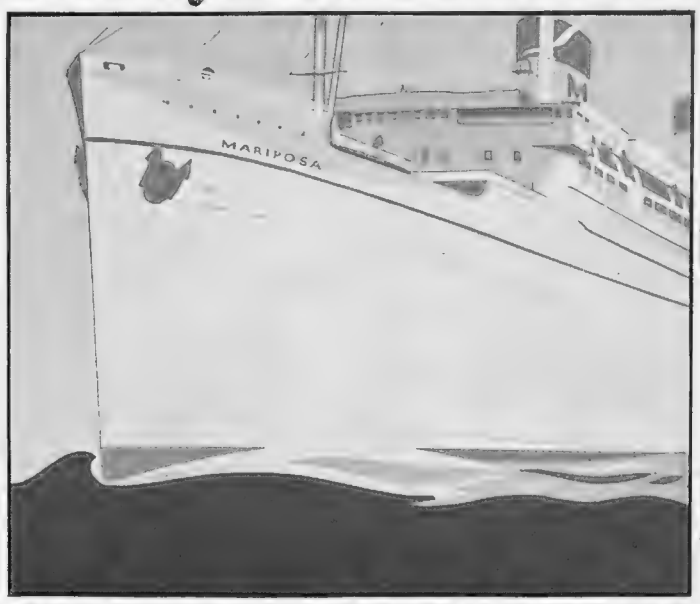

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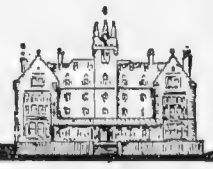

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NOTES from the WORLD of ART and the ANTIQUE

It is amazing to some English people that the vogue for anything connected with Robert Burns still holds so high a place in the hearts of Scotland—and in the sale-rooms. Last week Mr. Maggs was obliged, at Messrs. Sotheby's, to give £400 in order to obtain the autograph manuscript of the famous song by the Scottish ploughman, entitled "The Lass o' Ballochmyle." It consisted of only forty-five lines written on two folio pages, and containing some slight differences from the published poem, nothing, however, of great importance. The gift of this manuscript to General Ferguson in 1837 has been of some considerable value to his grandson, Lord Novar!

This slight manuscript poem outreached the price given for a remarkably fine copy of the Second Folio edition of Shakespeare's works, 1632, offered at the sale of Sir John Ramsden's books at Messrs. Christie's. A few years ago this copy would in all probability have achieved a very high price, overstepping the £1,000 often paid for such a copy, but last week Mr. Quaritch had to give only £310 for it. It is obviously the time for some library with a little money in hand or a wealthy donor in the neighbourhood to purchase the rare editions it requires—and librarians might be on the look out at the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 17, when some interesting autograph letters and manuscripts are to be sold, and a particularly fascinating historical document, in the shape of a long letter from Marie Antoinette to the Princesse de Lamballe, begging her not to come to Paris. She writes that she could not approach the window without being insulted—"C'est trop cruel pour un ange comme vous." As we know, this unselfish advice was not followed and the beloved princess became one of the victims of the ghastly September massacres.

ASCRIBED TO DONATELLO: A marble bust of St. John the Baptist—an example of Renaissance Realism presented by Sir Horace Walpole, to be sold at Christie's this month

THE RED BOY: The portrait of Master Annersley, by Lawrence, which has been acquired by Mr. Howard Young of New York. This is *not* the canvas recently up for sale at Durham Castle

An exceptionally fine and almost complete collection of Dürer's engravings is to be seen next week at Messrs Sotheby's. Almost all the prints are of the finest quality, the collector having made a point of getting the very best impressions. Some of the prints show Dürer's skill in sheer décor, and others his love of fine detail, as evidenced in "St. Jerome in his Study," where the old saint is shown sitting at a table by a deeply recessed window, filled with bottle-ended glass panes, a great lion lying peacefully beside him, and all the domestic details of Dürer's period shown on the walls.

The beautiful marble bust of St. John the Baptist, which was given to Horace Walpole by his great friend, Sir Horace Mann, and whose history is well recorded since the sale at Strawberry Hill, is to be sold at Messrs. Christie's on June 23. There seems little doubt that it is by Donatello, who has represented the saint as a youth, his head, surrounded by a halo, well in profile. Sir Horace Mann, with whom Walpole held such an extensive correspondence, was British Minister at Florence, and had, therefore, every opportunity for testing the qualities of the bust which he presented to his friend.

In the same sale there is some Chinese porcelain, the property of Sir Edward Brooksbank, Bart., who is a descendant of a certain Joseph Brooksbank of Healaugh Hall, Tadcaster, who married in 1752 the daughter of Benjamin Bond of London. We are told in the catalogue that this gentleman gave his name to Bond Street, but surely the famous street had been in existence before his day, and must have been named after the earlier Sir Thomas Bond, who was one of the wealthy City men of the time of Charles II, and bought Clarendon House as a building speculation.

Lord Chancellor Clarendon's house, described by Evelyn as "the most useful, graceful, and magnificent house in England," existed less than twenty years, falling speedily like its builder, who lived in it scarcely more than a year. Evelyn laments over the sad demolition of the great house which he went to see just after it had been sold "to certain rich bankers and mechanics who gave for it and the ground about it, £35,000; they design a new town, as it were, and a most magnificent piazza."

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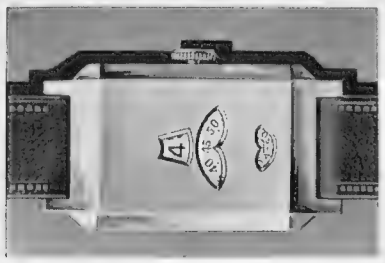

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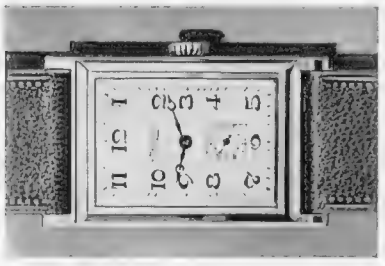

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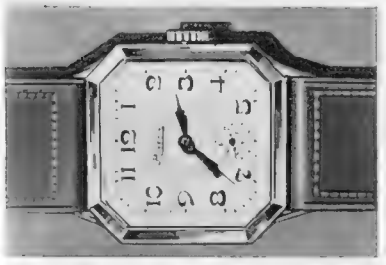

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11	2	×	8	6	...	...	10	1	6
11	11	×	9	2	...	...	11	11	0
12	3	×	10	2	...	...	13	10	0
12	9	×	9	0	...	...	12	3	6
13	2	×	10	2	...	...	14	3	6
14	1	×	10	1	...	...	15	0	0
14	9	×	12	3	...	...	19	2	0
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CONTINUATIONS

CROWDED HOURS OF GLORIOUS SEASON LIFE (Cont. from p. 431)

start at six and go on until ten at least. Blackburne thoroughly enjoyed it after his solitary existence in Nigeria.

"Where next?" he asked ultimately. "Would you like to go greyhound-racing at Hackney Wick?" "O.K., big boy." In a few minutes we were there. Hackney Wick is not one of the Greyhound Racing Association's own tracks, but it was exceedingly well managed. The thrill of the flying greyhounds, and the yells of the bookmakers appealed to Blackburne immensely. "Nothing like mixing one's drinks," he said. "I now feel ripe for an hour at a debutante's dance. I suppose we can't gate-crash one, can we?" It so happened that a hostess whom I knew particularly well was giving one that evening. I telephoned from the race track, received permission to bring Blackburne, and back we hurried to our respective tail coats. The dumpy little banjoist whom you see at every private dance was there. So were Mr. Ambrose Congreve's red hair, and the dark head of Miss Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, the daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador. The debutantes wore white gloves and rather frilly frocks, just as they did four years ago. Young couples sat on the stairs in the time-honoured way. Debutantes wished that they were as pretty as Miss Averil Streatfeild. Their mothers fondly thought that they were. Occasional couples went out and walked on the cool pavements between dances. It was all very English and innocent.

But already it was time for us to go if Blackburne was going to catch his train to Edinburgh. Sternly I disentangled him from a debutante. Protestingly he agreed to leave. "Well," he said, "I had intended after going home for a week to go off on the bend to Paris and Berlin, and then have a bang at Monte Carlo, but I'm dashed if I'm not coming straight back here as soon as I can. After all, there's Ascot, and Wimbledon, and the Aldershot Tattoo, and the Royal Horse Show, and heaven knows what else. In fact, on second thoughts I am not even going home! I'll wire the family to-morrow"—and danced off.

What it is to be in London in June, and (possibly) in love in 1932, even though *Orwell* did not win!

BOOKS—(Continued from p. 442)

Of five novels read this week I find four interesting and one, *The Inner Journey*, Kurt Heuser (Secker. 7s. 6d.), pretentious in that "psychological" manner of some German authors. It is the study of a young German in East Africa and professes to be an exposition of the negro's mind in contact with the white man. The result is confusing and tedious. *Parson's Nine*, by Noel Streatfeild (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is quite preposterous in its opening. A newly married parson presents his wife with a list of the nine books of the Apocrypha and proposes that they should have nine children so named. "There you are—all nine purchased in perfect condition, and in the right sex according to schedule—we've been lucky—I was sure Maccabeus would be a girl," says the dutiful wife, concluding her labours. The opening is saved from the absurd by the author's humour, and the book develops into a most appealing study of the relations of a brother and sister. Miss E. M. Delafield's *Thank Heaven Fasting* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is one of her customary studies of young love in fashionable circles where "affairs" are numerous and never deep. Monica's Edwardian era seems to have provided her with all the opportunities of later times, and the book avoids any serious presentation of life, being consistently entertaining and deftly manœuvred. *But Wisdom Lingers*, by Beatrix Lehmann (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), appears to be a first novel in which the natures of two boys are most excellently portrayed, and the development of one to the point of success in the theatre is most vividly followed. The story of Richard and Susan is charming. There is a continuous sparkle in *Jane and the Locusts*, by Ann Stokes (Benn. 7s. 6d.), and a most novel situation. Jane becomes aware of her beauty through a man's eyes, and her whole nature is pivoted upon this asset. Then by a spiteful accident she is disfigured, and the lover recoils. The story is fascinating, but the end strains credulity severely. Yet for Jane's sake one attempts to believe the author.

THE SEARCH FOR GOLD (Continued from p. 440)

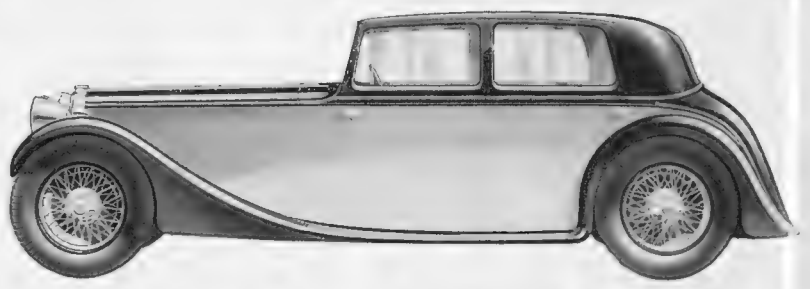
rich quartz deposits could not be profitably exploited under present conditions. Climatic conditions make work possible only in the summer. Again, most of the gold is found in places where the ground never really thaws. The cost of transporting machinery and food supplies for the labourers to these regions is almost prohibitive. And even the Soviet cannot compete against the native labour of the Rand.

The most likely gold region of Russia is on the Iman River and in the Lena Vitum district of Siberia. It is in the latter area that one finds the famous Lena Goldfields which were "nationalized" by the Soviet in 1917. The Soviet, however, soon discovered that it could not profitably work the mines and entered into an agreement with the British company, Lena Goldfields, Ltd., whereby a concession was granted for working these goldfields for a period of thirty years. Once again the Soviet broke this agreement and the Lena Goldfields put their case before international arbitration. The court in Germany awarded them £13,000,000, but the Soviet authorities have now offered £1,000,000 in compensation. This, the company has refused to entertain.

But if I were joining in a gold rush—and who would not if given the opportunity?—I would set off to-morrow for New Guinea, for this may be the Klondyke of to-morrow. Within the almost impenetrable jungles of this tropical island, men have discovered a wealth of gold. A party led by Robert Macdonald, facing disease and starvation, set upon by head-hunters, the Papangis, fought their way back to the outposts with two thousand ounces of gold. It was as much as the party could carry. They had to fight the head-hunters, set fire to a forest, stampede natives with gelignite, and live on bare rations and bad water in order to get through. Yet they proved that gold in large quantities exists there.

Here, again, New Guinea is Empire territory. The gold mines of Canada are Empire territory. The South African mines, the richest of all, are on Empire territory. The largest amounts of the raw stuff of gold are still in the Empire even though the bullion may be hoarded in Paris and New York. The nation producing the most gold in a gold market that is steadily rising has an immense advantage over other nations. That is the position enjoyed by the British Empire, whose mines produce more than 70 per cent. of the world's output. And it is highly probable that any new discoveries of gold will be within the Empire.

ALVIS



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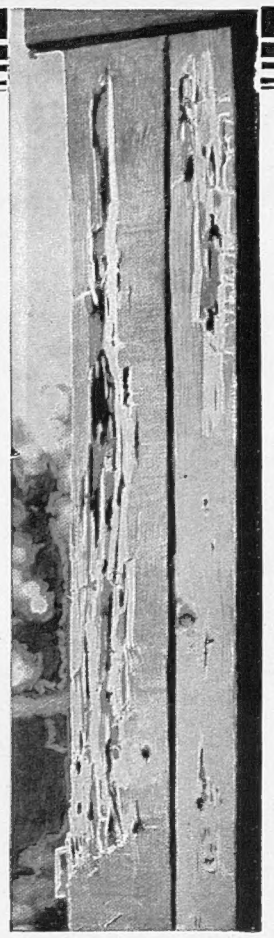

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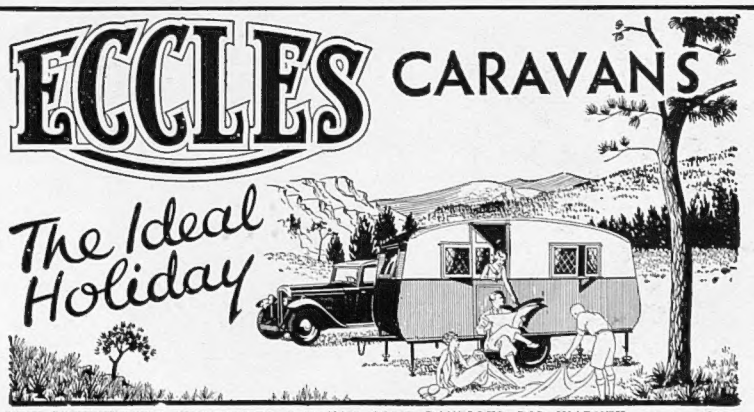

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NOTES and NEWS

THE BERNHARD BARON TRUST

Persistent rumours that the Trustees of the Bernhard Baron Charities Fund are finding it difficult to pay the bequests were denied by Sir Louis Baron yesterday.

In his will Mr. Bernhard Baron set up a Charity Fund in addition to the Charitable Trust of half a million which he formed about eleven months before he died.

Despite persistent but groundless rumours to the contrary, actually, there has never been the least difficulty in meeting the obligations in connection with the estate. The death duties, amounting to more than £2,000,000 were, with the exception of a very small amount relating to items left over for special valuation, all paid within a few weeks of the testator's death, and all outstanding matters were settled with the Inland Revenue Department within a year.

Mr. Baron left 30 per cent. of his residuary estate for charitable purposes.

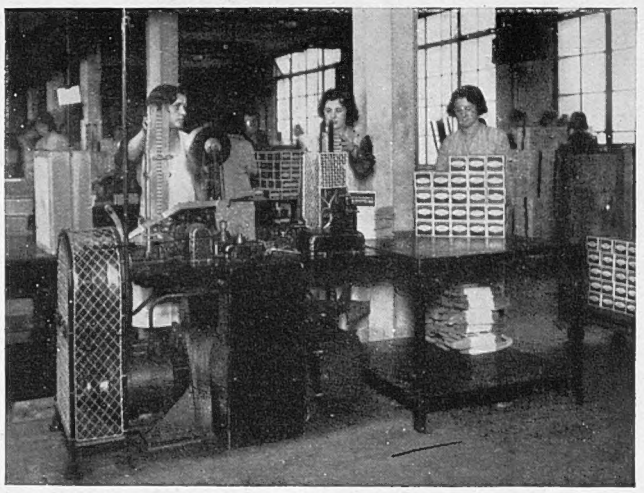
Grants have been paid in full to the following charities: Royal Sussex County Hospital, £5,000; St. Paul's Hospital, £500; Dockland Settlement, £1,282; and the Nantyglo and Blaina Hospital, £500. £15,000 has also been paid in full to the Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement, and £2,000 in full to the Manchester Victoria Memorial Jewish Hospital.

In addition, amounts totalling £19,000 have already been paid on account of promises to various hospitals and charitable institutions, all of which will have received the full amount of their grants within a period of five years.

Most of the amounts included in the list of grants have been or will be paid out of the income of the fund, leaving the capital in the same form as when it was taken over.

THE GARDENER'S FRIEND

Many a horticultural enthusiast has resented the fact that one of his trees or plants alone is attacked by some insect while the rest are free; for it seems ridiculous to create a wash for merely one shrub and, on the other hand, it goes to a gardener's heart to let a good bush go to ruin. To obviate this, Robinson Brothers, Ltd., West Bromwich, Staffs., have designed a special Powder Blower the action of which is identical with a garden syringe. It ejects a fine cloud of a special green-powdered insecticide which effectively eliminates most insect or caterpillar menaces. The instrument, which costs 3s. 6d. ready for action, is of great value for glass-housework and for dealing with insects on delicate foliage, while in strong sunlight it does not tend to scorch as a liquid spray is likely to do. When exhausted, the container is unscrewed and thrown away and a refill priced 1s. is screwed on without trouble or delay.



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GOOD NEWS

During a season that is of exceptional trade conditions, it is pleasing to learn that there are instances that indicate a successful fight against the spirit prevailing in most quarters. One of these is the case of the Rover Company, Limited, which in spite of the great difficulties has sold 6,739 Rover cars in the period August 1, 1931, to May 31, 1932. This figure on the face of it may not appear to be large, but it must be remembered that the Rover is not a mass produced car.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

At the eighty-ninth annual meeting of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship held at Queen's Hall on June 2, H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, presented the prizes given by H.M. The Queen, to the boys and girls in the Society's Homes. Speeches were made by the Rt. Reverend Bishop Golding-Bird and by the Rt. Hon. Lord Lloyd of Dolobran. Many excellent displays were given by the children. The Society is most urgently in need of funds, and all donations will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

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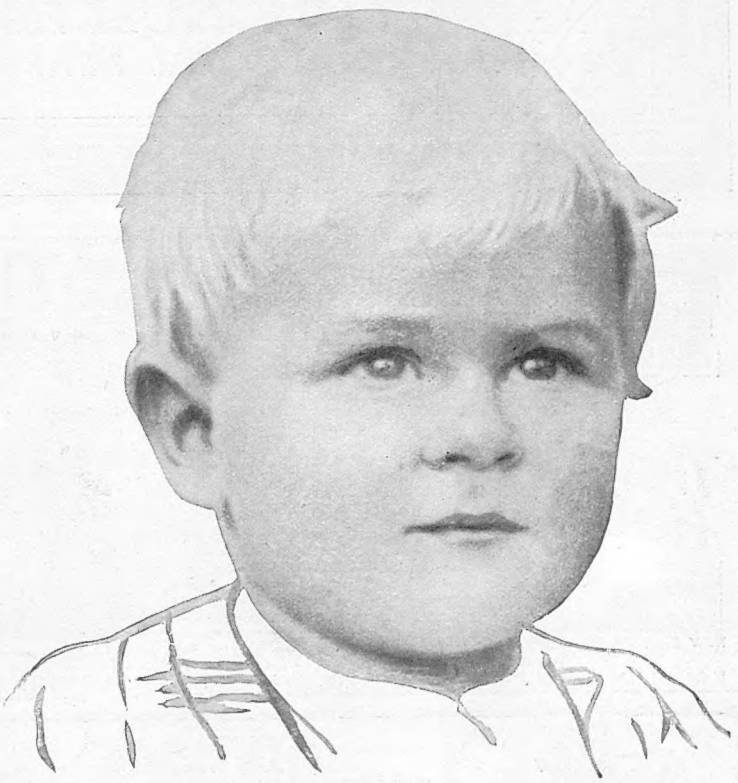

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Alton	Swan Hotel
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Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
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Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
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Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
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Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Brockenhurst	Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill	Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Bushmills (Co. Antrim)	Causeway Hotel, Giant's Causeway
Buttermere	Victoria Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Callander	Palace Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chepstow	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
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Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
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Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
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Do.	York House Hotel
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Do.	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Exeter	Royal Clarence Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	Imperial Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	Riverside Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
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Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
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Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
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Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
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Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
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Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
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Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
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Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
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Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
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